HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XIV.—No. 716.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

"OUR FRITZ," THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.—[See Page 596.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.

☞ *We lay before our readers this week, in a Supplement, a splendid*

PICTORIAL MAP

Of the Seat of War in France,

on which the movements of the several armies can be easily traced, and which shows the position of Paris with reference to the invading forces, and its railroad connections with other cities.

NAPOLEON'S OVERTHROW.

ON the fifteenth of last July the French Emperor, on a frivolous pretext, declared war against Prussia. The news awakened the wildest enthusiasm throughout France. The nation appeared to be crazy for war. With vastly exaggerated ideas of their own military strength, and fatally underrating that of Prussia, they looked forward to a short, sharp, and decisive campaign on German soil, and to a peace, dictated at Berlin, which should make the Rhine the eastern boundary of the empire. Officers and private soldiers, leaving Paris for the frontier, ordered that after the fifteenth of August their letters should be directed to Berlin; and Minister OLLIVIER, in the French Senate, announced that he accepted the war "with a light heart!"

Not so did Germany make answer. "God is my witness," said King WILLIAM to the crowd assembled to witness his departure from Ems, "that I have not desired war; but if I am forced into it, I will maintain the honor of Germany to the last man." His people responded to these words with a solemn and earnest enthusiasm, to which a parallel can only be found in the great uprising of the North after the firing on Sumter. Minor differences and petty jealousies were forgotten. The whole nation rose, like a strong man from sleep; and, before the vacillating Emperor was prepared to strike a blow, nearly a million of soldiers stood guard upon the Rhine. We need not recount the marvelous campaign that followed, unparalleled in the history of the world. In less than fifty days after the declaration of war—and less than forty of actual fighting—the military pride of France suffered humiliation in a dozen defeats; the empire was overrun with German soldiery; the capital is threatened, and in a state of siege; one great army, defeated in a long series of terrible battles, is shut up helpless within the fortifications of Metz; another, numbering a hundred thousand men—the largest number that ever capitulated at one time—has been surrendered by its commander; the Prince Imperial and the Emperor are prisoners! Well may the victorious King exclaim, in his modest dispatch to the Queen: "What a course, under the guidance of God, events have taken!"

It were useless, when great events tread so rapidly on each other's heels, to speculate on the probable results of this crowning victory of the Prussian arms, or to discuss the causes of the French defeat. There seems to be no doubt that NAPOLEON was the victim of gross frauds and deception from the first. His immense armies existed only on paper. The military condition of the empire was thoroughly rotten. Had the Emperor been earlier aware of these facts he would not have ventured upon the war; but, unfortunately for him, he first became aware of them after war had been declared. He then, as is well known, endeavored to open negotiations with Prussia, but Count VON BISMARCK sternly replied it was "too late." Unable to take the initiative, NAPOLEON found himself scarcely prepared to stand on the defensive, and the terrible blow that crushed M'MAHON's army at Weissenburg virtually decided the struggle. Yet the soldiers of France never fought more gallantly than at Weissenburg, Gravelotte, and Sedan. They have incurred no disgrace in these terrible defeats. They have succumbed to vastly preponderating numbers, aided by bad generalship on the part of their own commanders in the first weeks of the war.

If all this shall bring peace to Europe and a stable government to France, founded really on the will of the nation and not in fraud, the world will have good reason to rejoice over the result of this wonderful campaign. The good will be dearly bought, it is true. The sacrifice of life has been enormous, and probably the German armies have suffered far greater losses in killed and wounded than the French. The most fertile part of France has been so laid waste and desolate that years must elapse before the injury can be repaired. But if, from the depths of this terrible humiliation, a new France shall arise, free, peaceful, more ambitious of the triumphs of industry and science than those of war—and if, as another fruit of this struggle, we shall see a united and free Germany, strong in herself, but unaggressive, who shall say that the sacrifice of blood was made in vain? A vast responsibility rests upon those who take in hand the political solution of the questions that must now arise for settlement. The future rests with them. If, flushed with victory and maddened by their terrible losses, the Germans insist upon a territorial recompense, upon placing a vassal of Prussia upon the throne of France, and reducing her to the position of a second-rate kingdom, then, indeed, all this precious blood will have been shed in vain. Such a settlement can not be other than hollow and temporary, and the next generation will see the struggle renewed with fiercer hatred, and at a more terrible cost of life. But we expect better things of Germany. As the victor, she can afford to be magnanimous, and the world will be greatly disappointed if she should insist upon imposing humiliating conditions upon France.

But what of the Emperor? what of the Prince Imperial? and what of the chances for Bonapartism in the France of the future? One would suppose that France, by this time, must be quite cured of imperialism. Had the Emperor, who has brought this humiliation upon the proudest military people of Europe, shown a spark of moral or physical heroism in the present struggle it might have been otherwise. But he has made respect, and even sympathy, impossible. Incapable in civil affairs, a blunderer and worse than charlatan in war, his fate excites none of the commiseration that always attends the fall of a really great man. He could not even die like a man, when all was lost.

> "'Tis done! But yesterday a king,
> And armed with kings to strive,
> To-day thou art a nameless thing;
> So abject—yet alive!"

So wrote Lord BYRON of the first NAPOLEON, and the words are still more applicable to the third. The fatal glamour of the name, let us hope, is broken forever, and with it the power of "personal government" in Europe. Neither the continuance of the Napoleonic dynasty on the throne of France, nor the restoration of the Orleans family, would secure a permanent peace. Nothing will do this but a representative constitutional government, based on the intelligent consent of the people.

THE GREAT SETTLEMENT.

BEFORE this paper is issued, but too late for comment upon its action, the Republican Convention of New York will have made its nominations and set forth its principles. What the general character of that action should be we have already suggested; and there can be little doubt, from the probable character of the Convention, that it will be as wise and as firm as the emergency demands. We say emergency, because so much is really at stake. There is a popular disposition, doubtless, to consider the whole subject of reconstruction finally settled, and sometimes to be impatient of any other view. But it is impossible that it can be considered settled so long as the Democratic party refuses to acquiesce; and it is improbable that that party will consent to acquiesce as long as the elections apparently show that it is not losing ground. It was very much more likely to adopt such a policy two years ago than it is now, as the rebel chiefs were willing to yield to terms immediately upon the close of the war which they indignantly repelled a little later. In politics every thing depends upon apparent popular support; and if the Democrats do not think that they have lost, but have rather gained, during their refusal to acquiesce in the validity of the amendments, they will continue to hold the question open.

But it is a question which must be closed before there can be a normal condition of parties and of the public mind. The ascendency of the Republican party is necessary now, as it was during the war, in order to maintain the fundamental law. The Democratic party is not an opposition but a disorganizing party. It is not in the British phrase, "her Majesty's Opposition," meaning a party which differs upon a policy while it agrees upon all the provisions of the Constitution, but it is a party which denies that certain parts of the Constitution are constitutional, or asserts that, whether constitutional or not, they are not lawfully placed in that instrument. A difference of this kind is vital. The wholly new questions which grew out of the war have been settled by Congress; and in the election of General GRANT that settlement has been approved by the country. A party which virtually asks the country to declare that they shall be again unsettled, by refusing to acquiesce in their disposition, should have a very summary answer from all truly honorable and conservative citizens.

To state this fact fairly and strongly in the pending political campaign is the duty of every Republican speaker or writer, and carefully to reflect upon it is equally the duty of every voter. It is not a dead issue, because the Democrats choose to keep it alive. How far from dead it is may be seen in the letter of ex-Governor ORR, of South Carolina, of which we spoke last week, stating his reasons for acting with the Republican party. Governor ORR was a conspicuous and trusted Democratic leader before the war, and had been the Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was a secessionist, and remained so to the end of the war. But since then he has sagaciously considered the condition of the country, and he sees that the Democratic party, refusing to acquiesce in the great settlement, is a party of which nothing is to be hoped. He therefore unites with the Republicans, and says, reproachfully, to his old associates, who are trying to fight after the battle is over: "If good and true men will consent to accept the reconstruction acts of Congress, and the legislation Federal and State necessarily growing out of them—if they will accept the new conditions surrounding us—if they will affiliate with the Republican organization," then they can profit by what that organization has done well, and can help correct its errors. It is because the Democrats will not do this that he sees the hopelessness of their party, and leaves it.

This is not the only issue of the canvass upon which we now enter in this State, but it is a very vital question. And it is a question not alone for this State, but for the whole country. The Republican party is still the party of stability and order. It is the party that would have peace permanent and secure. The importance and the position of New York make its voice very influential, and the progress of the campaign here, which will be watched attentively in all the other States, should leave our friends every where, and the whole country, in no doubt as to our attitude upon this question. Let Republican New York declare that the maintenance of the settlement of the Union as embodied in the reconstruction acts and in the amendments is indispensable to the national peace and prosperity.

HUMANITY IN WAR.

ALTHOUGH the war in Europe was so suddenly begun, and has been waged with such terrible vigor, yet it is clear that the laws and customs of war have been greatly modified, and are already practically more humane than the books describe them. Even so enlightened a writer as HAUTEFEUILLE, as a correspondent of the *Evening Post* recently mentioned, has written against the abolition of privateering, and has declared not only that private property at sea need not be respected, but that the same property on land is at the mercy of the conqueror. This doctrine, however, as to the rights of the conqueror on land, was denied by another French commentator, VERGÉ, who says emphatically, that, according to the usages of war on land, the belligerents have no right, and can exercise no control over the private property of the subjects of the hostile power; and he asks why the same principles should not be applied to maritime war. But this view represents what has been hitherto but a perception of the humane tendency of the modern usages of war. Law upon that subject is not made by the books, but by the armies in the field. And it is not the least of the blessings which in this terrible conflict Germany is conferring upon civilization, that she, the first military power in the world, is humanizing the usages of war.

The Emperor of France declared war against Prussia on the 15th of July. On the 19th Prussia announced officially to our Government that private property upon the sea would be respected without regard to reciprocity, that is, that even the enemy's merchantmen would not be molested except for causes that would expose a neutral to capture. Prussia knew, of course, that with her formidable navy France would not declare the same generous policy. But M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, loyal to an honorable instinct, immediately took the responsibility of declaring to our Government that France would not be outdone in humanity. He was not a proper representative of LOUIS NAPOLEON, however, as he felt, and his melancholy death immediately followed. On the 7th of August, in the first great battle of the war, the Germans won the victory, and advanced into France. On the 11th the King issued a proclamation at Saarbrück, in which he said: "We war against soldiers, not citizens. Therefore the latter may continue secure in person and property so long as they abstain from hostile acts, and we grant them protection as a matter of right." That declaration is the highest tide-mark of humanity in war, if we except the instructions to our Union armies in 1863 in regard to the protection of private property not essential to martial necessities, and for the acquisition of which due provision was made.

If any one would know the full significance of such a declaration by a conqueror, he need not turn back to the wars of CÆSAR in Gaul, when the old, the women, and the children were indiscriminately slaughtered, and towns were obliterated from the face of the earth; but to the wars waged in Central Europe in the name of Christianity, and called "religious wars," two centuries ago, when the whole land was laid waste, and the suffering of the people was incredible; or to the wars of LOUIS XIV. in the region of the present war, when he made the Palatinate a desert. Even MARLBOROUGH was dismayed by the condition to which the wars in which he was engaged reduced the country; and the cruel horrors of those wars are hinted in SOUTHEY's familiar poem of the "Battle of Blenheim." The stories and the songs of the time are full of the terror which the approach of the enemy inspired, and of the utter demoralization which followed his passage.

War, indeed, is always terrible, often cruel. Its necessities compel peremptory measures, and the innocent individuals among a people whose Government has invited or defied war must often personally pay the penalty. The present war, like all others, is attended with unknown and indescribable sorrow. But it is plain to see that the higher tone of civilization, the better public opinion of the world, modifies and ameliorates its customs. Think, for instance, of the details of the Thirty Years' War, and imagine any soldier or statesman, or other human being of the time, reading such a passage as this in one of the letters from the seat of hostile operations:

> "France does not suffer what is technically called the horrors of war. Young girls stand at the cottage doors in the villages, or street corners, to see the soldiers pass, and are not harmed by them. The shops open in the towns are not plundered. Peaceful citizens go about their business without fear of life or limb. It is essentially civilized war in these respects. But fruit and vegetables are taken along the way-side; horses are pressed into the service, soldiers are quartered on the people, and large supplies of food are demanded from the local authorities."

It is the glory of Germany, in a war in which she is really fighting the battle of civilization against anarchy, to act worthy of the great cause by a policy of the highest humanity. From this time the rules of warfare will be much more humane, and what was a generous hope yesterday will be accepted law to-morrow. Yet no policy can wholly assuage the inevitable bitterness of war. In thousands of homes all over Germany and France at this moment there is a heart-ache and misery such as we in the United States only too freshly remember. History will have no word black enough to describe the guilty author of so vast a calamity.

GREAT BRITAIN A PENITENT.

THE late debates in the British Parliament upon neutrality in war show that our waiting in urging the *Alabama* negotiations has not been in vain. Indeed, England is preparing to concede our claim. She is going to confession. Not to state it unkindly, she is lighting the candles, and putting on the sheet of penitence. Some of the late speeches are curious reading to a man who has the Parliamentary debates during our war, and the British decisions of the same period, in his hand, or even in his memory.

It is the most solemn understanding between all civilized powers which accept what is called international law, that their own laws, or what is called municipal law, shall be stringent enough to secure the due observance of international obligation. On the 13th of May, 1864, a debate arose in the House of Commons upon the case of the *Georgia*, a rebel vessel of war, which, having been built and equipped in Great Britain, had escaped, and had subsequently returned to Liverpool. Mr. THOMAS BARING took the ground that, as she ought to have been arrested before escaping, she ought to be ordered off upon her return, and forbidden to enter any British port.

The Attorney-General insisted that the British law was sufficiently effective to prevent a breach of neutrality. Mr. COBDEN severely replied, showing the facts, and said that he was only sorry that the ship-owners, at the beginning of the war, had not compelled the Government to put the laws in harmony with the interests of the country and its foreign relations. The law, however, was not amended, nor was it amended after the monstrous British ruling in the *Alexandra* case. The steady reply to our impatient and surprised demands was, that the municipal law of Great Britain should not be altered at the dictation of foreigners, and the conclusive evidence that the spirit of the existing laws was not observed was wholly disregarded.

Now, however, all is changed. The instant war begins between Germany and France the British Parliament eagerly hastens to amend its municipal law, in order to secure an absolutely efficient neutrality. Such an amendment, upon such grounds, shows evidently that we were right in urging that the existing law did not secure it. But it shows more: it shows that what Great Britain during our war was unwilling to do upon our earnest representations, she does at once upon the outbreak of the present war without any request whatever from Germany or France. Great Britain confesses that we were right in saying that her domestic act to secure a faithful observance of international law was defective and inadequate. The Attorney-General, indeed, goes so far as to say, in reference to a provision of the new bill prohibiting the building of ships for a belligerent: "If such a provision were contained in the existing act, the *Alabama* could not have escaped, and the *Alexandra* must have been condemned."

This is a surrender of the case between the United States and Great Britain. England confesses that under her law as it stood our rights were not protected. It was never claimed that we did not do all that was necessary in supplying testimony to justify the arrest of the *Alabama* under the British law as it then was. Mr. ADAMS's communications of evidence were ample, and they were admitted to be so by the

tardy order of the Government for the detention of the ship. The plea of the British Government has always been that, upon the presentation of satisfactory evidence that the law was in danger of violation, it took all the measures which the law authorized to stop the vessel, and that its efforts were eluded by the *Alabama*. The United States said, and had constantly said, that if this statement were true, the law ought to be amended. The Attorney-General of England now declares in Parliament that if the law had been amended, the *Alabama* could not have escaped.

Great Britain, then, by this confession, did not do all that she could to stop the *Alabama*; and honorably, therefore, she must confess her responsibility for the consequences. Even if she did every thing that the law authorized, she confesses that the law did not authorize enough to be done. The Attorney-General, indeed, says that the amendment of the law is now proposed not because other nations demand it, but for "the honor and dignity of the crown." But we, of course, never claimed any right to interfere in British legislation. We merely represented to Great Britain, as a power equally interested in international obligation with ourselves, that the British local law was not adequate to the faithful protection of our international rights. Our declaration substantially was that "the honor and dignity of the crown" demanded the amendment of the law. If they demand it now, they demanded it then. If Great Britain is willing to amend her laws now, in order that her neutral obligations may be fully enforced toward Germany and France, why was she not willing to amend them to enforce the same obligations toward us?

This question will, perhaps, suggest to our English friends, who have denied that the feeling of the British Government was hostile to us during our war, that our assertion of an unfriendly disposition was not groundless. That Government really believed with Lord RUSSELL that the cause of the Union was hopeless, and it had no wish to alienate the new power which it expected to see arise upon our ruins by making laws to its detriment more stringent. It is not easy to imagine how one nation could put itself more entirely in the wrong toward another than Great Britain has placed herself toward us in this debate and amendment of her neutrality law. It prohibits every thing that we insisted ought to be prohibited, and was not; and ordains rules of proof that we demanded as merely just, and in vain. The debate and the new law are impregnable fortifications of our position. They are the confession of an *animus* which affected the entire official British conduct toward us during the war; and we do not see how magnanimous British statesmen can longer refuse either to acknowledge the responsibility for our losses by the *Alabama*, and offer to settle the bill when audited and presented, or to allow that the precedents established by Great Britain at that time are untenable.

THE LITTLE NAPOLEON'S LITTLE GAME.

THE intrigues of LOUIS NAPOLEON are coming to light upon all sides. The first disclosure—that of the proposition to absorb Belgium; in fact, to repeat the partition of Poland in another part of Europe—threw a ludicrous light upon the fine phrases of his proclamation in beginning the war. "We wish to conquer a durable peace, based on the true interests of the people, and to assist in abolishing that precarious condition of things when all nations are forced to employ their resources in arming against each other." These were becoming words, certainly, for a gentleman who, keeping an army up to the highest possible standard, was proposing to another equally armed Government that "the true interests of the people" of Belgium and Luxembourg required their absorption by France.

It appears now, also, that four years ago—in August, 1866—LOUIS NAPOLEON, with the same tender regard for the interests of the people, and the same humane horror of great armies, proposed to Prussia to take possession of the German territory upon the west bank of the Rhine, and to shut his eyes while Prussia appropriated certain parts of Holland. This was a "secret treaty," which the agent of LOUIS NAPOLEON had received from Vichy, whither his master had betaken himself for the benefit of his own health and that of Europe. "If you don't agree," said M. BENEDETTI to M. BISMARCK, in the Dick Turpin tone, "there will be war!" "Then there will be war!" answered BISMARCK.

Again, in 1867, LOUIS NAPOLEON proposed to Austria a little treaty against the power which did not accept his little treaty of 1866. He offered to join Austria in insisting that an alliance of Prussia with the South German states should be considered a violation of the treaty of Prague. As the little consideration of this favor to Austria, Prussia was to be required to evacuate Mayence, and Hesse north of the river Main was to go with that south of it. A union of the South German states was to be made, and justice demanded of Prussia for Schleswig-Holstein; and both the Southern German states and Prussia were to be solicited by war if they did not at once accept the invitation. Austria declined.

And now the Jesuit organ in Rome—the same that foreshadowed the Council and the dogma—the *Unità Cattolica*, declares that LOUIS NAPOLEON has a secret understanding with Italy that, if the Italian Government is obliged to take possession of Rome, then Piedmont, from Novara to Savona, excepting Alessandria, with the island of Sardinia, shall go to France; and, if the people rise in Italy, that France will help to subdue them.

These are some of the secret plots of the gentleman who is so anxious to consult the interests of the people and to reduce standing armies. It is amazing that a man so utterly incapable as this war has shown LOUIS NAPOLEON to be, and so totally without hold upon the heart of the French nation, should have had it in his power authoritatively to propose such radical changes in the map of Europe. He is proved to be a permanent conspirator against European peace. And even if the armies of Germany were driven back, and the people of France consented to allow this intriguer to return to the Tuileries, collective Europe might justly demand of them the most absolute and conclusive satisfaction that this public disturber should be kept at home. He has given Europe the right, even were he successful in this war, to put him under the most stringent bonds to keep the peace.

COUNT GASPARIN UPON THE WAR.

LAST week we printed GASPARIN'S noble protest against the war. But it reached us at the last moment, and we could not, therefore, give it the conspicuous position which its great significance demanded, and which our readers will have perceived. GASPARIN is one of the Frenchmen who are honored by the party of liberty every where, and with whom rest the hopes of the peaceful political progress of France. His fervid and heroic words are those of a man who dares to tell his countrymen the truth, even when they are most passionately excited; and they cover with shame the quibbling apologists of this infamous war.

The protest was written just after the Duke DE GRAMONT'S declaration of war, and begins with the assertion that there is a very considerable number of French citizens who do not believe either in the necessity or the lawfulness of the war. He does not admit that France was in any way humiliated at Sadowa, and insists that it is a crime to shed a drop of blood for any of the old balance-of-power theories. GASPARIN denies that there is any tolerable pretext for the contest; that the candidature of the HOHENZOLLERN was not only known for several months, but had been formally withdrawn; and, although it may be regretted that the Prussian King did not repeat to BENEDETTI his opposition to the candidature, his refusal was no reason for inundating Europe with blood. He loftily protests against the charge of want of patriotism always urged against those who oppose a war wrongfully begun by the country. He indignantly denies that thinking and speaking are to cease because the flag is unfurled. "If the flag is unfurled, so is our conscience; and we will not and can not accept the least share of moral responsibility in a butchery which nothing renders lawful in our sight."

One of the last paragraphs in the letter shows that the highest conception of national duty and of political morality is familiar to this generous mind.

"There are, it appears, two kinds of patriotism: that which follows the flag wherever it goes, were it that of LECLERC on the way to re-establish slavery at San Domingo, and that which struggles at its own risk and peril against every thing which seems to it to compromise the country's honor. For this kind of patriotism, the country's honor, the aim is not to win numerous battles, but to practice justice, and become the representative and patron of all generous causes. This patriotism also has its ambition, as you see, and does not aspire to a mediocre place for the country."

The protest of GASPARIN is the voice of that better France which can alone raise the country from the degradation of Napoleonism.

THE LATE U. S. CONSUL AT CANTON.

IN the midst of the absorbing news of the summer the death of our late Consul at Canton, in China, has been scarcely observed. But he was one of the men who make us prouder of the name of American, and he should not be forgotten. BERNARD P. CHENOWETH was born in Virginia. His father was a clergyman and a slaveholder, and removed afterward to Indiana. The boy was studious and observant, and from the first perceived the true character of the slavery in the midst of which he was reared, and resolved to do what he could to overthrow it. In the summer of 1860 he had just left a college in Indiana, and came to St. Joseph, in Missouri, where two other young men were publishing the only English Republican paper out of St. Louis. He offered to contribute what money he had, about $800, to write, and to learn to set type. After the election of Mr. LINCOLN hostility in Missouri to every thing Republican became hatred, and the three young men, W. W. WILDER, from Massachusetts, F. M. TRACY, from Missouri, and CHENOWETH, from Virginia, were indicted for publishing an "incendiary sheet." They retired to Kansas, and when the war began the Virginian and the Missourian raised the first company of the first Kansas regiment. CHENOWETH was captain and TRACY lieutenant. Both served through the war. CHENOWETH rapidly rose to be Inspector-General, and served upon the staffs of Generals GRANT and SHERMAN. He was offered the command of regiments, but his generals would not spare him.

The war left him stricken with consumption. He tried farming near St. Louis, and failed. He had friends in Worcester, Massachusetts, and his own evident fitness and charming character, with the most generous letter from General GRANT, made the young Virginian Superintendent of Schools in the very heart of Massachusetts. But his physicians told him that his only chance of life was a softer climate. He rented a place near Richmond, in his native State; bought two or three cows, and supported his family by peddling milk. He was better and happy; and, when General GRANT became President, he appointed CHENOWETH Consul at Canton. "I met him at Washington, then," writes a friend. "He was living on pawned watches and rings—his wife's—hopeful, reading up China; but painfully short of money for dinners for himself, wife, and two children."

During his brief residence in China Colonel CHENOWETH had won the highest respect and regard of all with whom he had relations of any kind. But his disease was too deeply seated, and he died in the early summer, at the age of thirty, leaving a wife and three children destitute of all but his ennobling memory. We have received from China and elsewhere the most earnest and enthusiastic tributes to the remarkable character of Colonel CHENOWETH; tributes which urge with tender eloquence to the sympathy of his countrymen the claims of the wife and children of the young Virginian, who gave all his powers and his life to the great cause of national salvation.

NOTES.

WE observe with very great satisfaction that Secretary COX, in addition to the letter upon the subject to which we recently alluded, forbade a political committee to go through the Department of the Interior to tax the clerks for the purposes of the election. The Secretary may be very sure that his conduct is approved by the best men of all parties who are not blind to the perils of the present system of our civil service. His action is well contrasted with that of a certain organization in Washington—perhaps the very one which the Secretary politely showed to the door—whose recent resolution upon the subject is truly Pickwickian. This association in a single resolution suggests the policy of voluntary contributions as more beneficial than a system of arbitrary assessments, asserts that it is the sacred duty of every office-holder to contribute liberally, and declaring that those who fail to recognize this sacred duty should be incontinently dismissed, and that their places should be filled by those who will make liberal voluntary contributions. If contributing under penalty of dismissal be voluntary contribution, it would be interesting to know what the gentlemen who adopted this resolution understand by "arbitrary" extortion of money. Nobody knows better than many of the members of this association, composed, we believe, of office-holders, how niggardly the average salaries of the Government clerks are. Nobody ought to see more clearly than they that their conduct tends to make every election an exasperated contest for bread among thousands of citizens. There is no class in the country more vitally interested in a simple and honest civil-service reform than those who hold office; and one such resolution as that of which we speak does more than a thousand abstract arguments to extend and deepen the intelligent perception that such a reform is becoming imperatively necessary.

THE doctors utterly disagree. Bishop BAILEY, of New Jersey, who has just returned from the Œcumenical Council, says, in an address to his people, that the Roman Catholic Church "has always believed in infallibility, that it is one of its accepted doctrines, and all that it has ever needed was to be confirmed by council." Father HYACINTHE says, in his late letter, published in Paris, that it is "a doctrine unknown to all ecclesiastical antiquity, which is disputed, even now, by numerous and eminent theologians, and which implies not a regular development, but a radical change in the constitution of the Church and in the immutable rule of its faith." Frère HYACINTHE may be a very uncomfortable brother in the Church, but his knowledge of its history and of its accepted faith is unquestionable. "If to believe implicitly," he said, when in this country, "in the doctrines and traditions of the Church in which I was born and bred makes me a Roman Catholic, then I am nothing else."

IT is not too late to say a word of tender remembrance of the late JOSEPH HOXIE. A man of the gentlest nature and most generous impulses, his convictions upon the great subjects of human interest were profound and inflexible. He had been long prominent in our politics, and his singular felicity in public speaking, and the unworn freshness of his zeal for the triumph of the principles which were dear to him, kept him an always welcome and honored favorite of the people almost to the last. For sixty years he had lived in the city of New York identified with its progress, and pleasantly familiar to its citizens, none of whom probably heard of his death without a kind word or thought for his memory. The writer of these lines can never forget with what delightful ardor Mr. HOXIE, a few years since, entered upon a local political campaign, in whose immediate result the writer was more interested than he. The issue was evident from the beginning; but the youthful energy and humorous eloquence of Mr. HOXIE lighted up the whole campaign; while his plain, practical, and vivid presentation of the questions of the time was a permanent benefit to his hearers. Mr. HOXIE'S health had gradually failed for some time, and he returned to the state of ROGER WILLIAMS, in which he was born, only to close peacefully his long and spotless life.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN FRANCE.

THE attempt of Marshal M'Mahon to relieve Marshal Bazaine has ended in a supreme disaster to himself. His intention was to march from Chalons with such secrecy and rapidity that before his plans should be discovered he could make a connection with Bazaine, and, uniting the two armies, fall upon the besiegers with an overwhelming and crushing force. Unfortunately for him, the Crown Prince of Prussia discovered the movement, and, at once divining its import, made haste to pursue. Moving with extraordinary celerity, the Germans fell upon the French between Armigny and Douzy, on the 30th ult. The attack was a surprise, and resulted in the complete overthrow of General Failly's *corps d'armée*. The contest was renewed on Wednesday, with results equally disastrous to the French. Thursday, at daylight, showed the French forces reinforced, and occupying a strong elevated position, from Bazeilles, extending down the railroad to Douzy, and thence to Mairy, on the line of the Mouzon Railroad. At five o'clock the Prussians recommenced the battle, making simultaneous attacks on the French front and left flank. The fighting at first was confined to the artillery, both armies firing incessantly, the French evidently having a weaker force of guns than the Prussians. At noon a fierce attack was made by the Prussian infantry at Douzy, with the object of breaking the French centre, but after tremendous fighting the Prussians fell back. A pause seemed to take place at one o'clock, the firing being less incessant; but it was only a prelude of a yet fiercer assault.

At 2 o'clock a simultaneous movement was made along the whole Prussian line, the infantry charging the French guns. At 3 o'clock the French line, which previously stood firm, wavered and immediately thereafter broke. The battle then became a rout. M'Mahon was seriously wounded during the last attack.

The roads presented a terrible aspect. The French left every thing, flying in every direction, and throwing away their arms. The Prussian forces pressed forward resolutely, bent upon cutting off their retreat toward Belgium. The Prussian troops used the bayonet with terrible effect. Night closed on the rout and the pursuit, leaving the Prussians gathering in large numbers around Sedan.

The Emperor remained at Sedan during the fight. He was urged to fly to Belgium, but was too ill to make the attempt. The Prince Imperial was also taken prisoner.

On the following morning (September 2) the Prussians prepared to attack Sedan, which was not in a condition to resist. At twelve o'clock a party of officers, headed by General Wimpffen, left Sedan bearing a flag of truce. It was received by the Prussian advanced guard, and conducted to the rear to the Prussian head-quarters, where the General formally surrendered the French army and the fortress to King William.

They also bore a letter from the Emperor Napoleon to the King, stating that he wished to surrender himself, not having any command. His letter said: "*As I can not die at the head of my army, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty.*" The formal capitulation took place early in the afternoon. M'Mahon's whole army, comprising 120,000 men, capitulated without conditions. The Prussians had 240,000 troops engaged or in reserve.

The news of this great disaster caused a profound sensation in Paris. The Council of Ministers immediately issued an address to the French people, in which they admit the gravity of the situation, but declare that Paris would be defended to the last, the city being in a complete state of defense, and an army rapidly forming under its walls. In the French Senate, on Saturday, September 3, M. Jerome David stated that the defenses of Paris were in the best condition, and capable of resisting any enemy. He urged the defense on the walls, in the streets, and, if necessary, to bury themselves under the ruins. A similar statement was made in the Corps Législatif, where M. Jules Favre said they were unanimous for defense until death. It was time extraordinary compliances should cease; and then proceeded to attack the imperial government, proposing to place extraordinary powers in the hands of General Trochu. The Minister of War and the Chamber protested.

On the 4th instant the Corps Législatif, by a vote of 185, nays none, declared the empire at an end. The announcement was received by the populace with the wildest enthusiasm. The regiments passing into the city were received with deafening shouts of "*Vive la Ligne! Vive la Republic!*" There was no disturbance except in the Rue Castiglione, where the crowd began pulling down the imperial arms, and tearing from the flags of the National Guard the golden eagles of France, and from the walls and signs the medals bearing the imperial effigy. The National Guard took measures to preserve peace and order.

After the vote setting the empire aside, a Provisional Government was formed by the opposition members of the Corps Législatif, consisting of the following persons: Jules Favre, Gambetta, Jules Simon, Keratry, Picard, Pelletan, and Jules Ferry.

The bombardment of Strasbourg has greatly injured the magnificent cathedral.

At last advices Verdun and Montmédy still held out against the Prussians.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

A conflagration, which laid 2500 houses and six churches in ashes, is reported to have occurred recently in Samsoun, a sea-port town in Asia Minor, and a station of the Austrian Steam Company's packets. A similar disaster is recorded as having taken place in Yenidje, in Macedonia. The precise date of these disasters is not given.

The conference of Catholic bishops at Fulda, Germany, has recently resolved not to submit to the action of the Œcumenical Council on the dogma of Infallibility.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE public debt statement for the month of August shows a decrease of over $13,000,000.

Great excitement prevails in Colorado over the discovery of new silver mines about forty miles northwest of Denver City. They are said to be the richest on the continent, and hundreds of persons are starting daily for the new El Dorado.

A message has been received in Washington from Red Cloud that he and the other chiefs will be at Fort Laramie by the middle of September, to meet the representatives of the government to consult on measures of peace.

MARSHAL M'MAHON.

In spite of the reverses suffered by the French army under Marshal M'Mahon, this General is still considered, both in and out of France, as a truly brave and skillful leader. He has been justly styled the true type of a military hero.

Singularly calm in the field, yet possessing great promptitude of decision and indefatigable activity, Marshal M'Mahon, with an equal force, and on his own ground, would prove a dangerous antagonist even to Von Moltke himself, as the brave though vain manner in which he has contested vastly superior forces at Wörth, and in the more recent battles, fairly testifies. Though a strict martinet, he is a great favorite with his troops, and especially with the rough and unruly Turcos.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

Prince Frederick William Nicholas Charles, Crown Prince of Prussia, of whom we give an admirable portrait on our first page, was born the 18th of October, 1831, and is the only son of William I., by Augusta, daughter of the late Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar. The Prince was indebted to his mother for a most careful education, not only in those things which, by tradition, form the education of kings, but in all branches of study. The Queen herself had been a pupil of Goethe's, and was, therefore, prepared to appreciate what we may term the higher, nobler, and more refining knowledge, and to be anxious that her son should receive its benefit. Godet and the historian Max Duncker were the young Prince's instructors in these studies, while Von Roon and Von Moltke grounded him in those principles of the military art which he has since turned to such good account.

The record of his military career is too well known to need recapitulation here, and we will speak only of those kindly traits of character which have made him one of the most popular princes and generals of any age. "A country cart," says a correspondent, writing after the great battle of Wörth, "was rumbling down the street with two wounded officers. An officer on foot beckoned to the driver to stop, and went up to the cart, the occupants of which tried to salute him, but he made a gesture, and, leaning over, entered into conversation with them for ten minutes, evidently asking after their wounds. On parting, he shook each by the hand, and continued his way up the street, accompanied by two other officers. He halted at my quarters, and inquired if there were any wounded inside—they had been removed, some to their last resting-place—then went on, and meeting a cart full of wounded soldiers, talked to them each in turn, and so went on visiting the hospitals and the wounded in a most unostentatious manner." This officer was the Crown Prince, the "Fritz" of the old King's telegram, and after reading this account we do not wonder at the devotion of his men.

Another correspondent, M. Henri Chabrillart, of the Paris *Figaro*, who fell into the hands of the Prussians after the battle of Wörth, had an interview with the Prince, and thus describes his appearance: "Prince Frederick William is a man of tall stature, thin, with a calm and placid countenance; but in the curve of his aquiline nose and his dilating nostrils there are evidences of energy, while the rapidity of his glance convinces you of his decision. A full fair beard softens the somewhat stern expression of his features. He has great simplicity of manner, and affects rather a kind of *bourgeois* style of speaking, thinking, and general behavior. He was dressed in a black tunic with red collar and facings, without any embroidery or gold braid; upon the shoulder a small epaulet to indicate his rank, but no other distinguishing ornament. He wore a small black cap bordered with red, and the whole uniform was severely simple. He speaks French with great purity, without foreign accent beyond a slight German intonation and occasional hesitation at certain words."

He spoke, says the *Figaro* correspondent, with great admiration of the way in which the French fought. "Among the prisoners," said he, "is General Raoult. I went this morning to see him at Reichshofen, where he lies wounded, his hip and thigh being broken; I fear that he is now dying. He is a brave officer, and he has given me some addresses in Paris to which he wishes letters to be sent." "But, Prince," M. Chabrillart observed, "the other prisoners also have families." "I have thought of that. I have had them supplied with writing materials; the letters will be sent unsealed to our consul at Geneva, who will forward them to France." "Prince, we thank you on behalf of the mothers whose grief you are about to assuage." "I do not like war, gentlemen. If I should reign I would never make it."

MARSHAL M'MAHON.

PRUSSIAN SHARP-SHOOTERS THROWN OUT AS SKIRMISHERS.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Description of the Island.—Its Volcanic Origin.—Frequent and Terrible Eruptions.—The Town of Forshaven.—The Vikings.

IN a certain part of the ocean, far to the north, in a region of almost arctic cold, there lies a vast mass of volcanic matter, many thousand square miles in extent, which has been thrown up from the bottom of the sea, or, rather, which is still in process of being thrown up, for a large portion of it is still in a state of the most violent eruptive commotion. There are caldrons and craters without number, boiling, roaring, and throwing up, in some places, bursts of steam and scalding mud and water, and in others, projecting into the air, with thundering explosions, red-hot stones, and streams of lava, to add by their fall to the already enormous accumulation.

And yet so cold is the region into which this igneous eruption ascends that many of those portions of the accumulated mass which rise above the reach of the fire are covered with a mantle of perpetual ice and snow. The glaciers and the drifts climb up the mountain-sides to the very brink of the volcanic crater, and in the winter, even in the lowlands, crowd close to the margin of every boiling lake and caldron.

The name of this vast and chaotic accumulation is Iceland. It might as well have been named Fireland, for the warfare which has been going on in it for two thousand years between ice and fire is still raging, with no very decisive indications yet in respect to the result of the contest.

One might perhaps imagine the possibility of some portions of a vast chaotic upheaval like this being so situated within the narrow bounds which separate the arctic cold from the volcanic fire, as in process of time to clothe themselves with a scanty vegetation, and that possibly some forms of animal life might be sparingly developed in it; but no one would have thought of such a region being chosen as the home of a human community. And yet around the borders of the island, on the confines of a shore indented by innumerable inlets and bays, the sea has sent in vapors and rain which, in process of ages, have so smoothed the asperities and softened the surface of the chasms and ravines and deep abysses among the rocks, as to give them the character, during the brief summer season, of green and fertile valleys, where man can find the means of supplying some of his wants; and the shores themselves, with the boundless abundance of animal life with which the sea in those northern regions teems, provide for the rest. There has been a time when a hundred thousand people found their homes and their subsistence in this narrow fringe of verdure lying between a stormy sea on the one side, and on the other a vast interior of ice and fire. They had nearly five hundred thousand sheep to climb the slopes and crop the grass in places inaccessible to human culture, and herds of cattle and of horses in proportion for lower grounds. Here they lived, cut off in a great measure—and for certain seasons entirely—from all communication with the great family of man, and hemmed in between two sets of terrible combatants, who were engaged all the time in a most savage contest with each other—the wildest winds contending with the stormiest seas before them, and behind them a still more frightful conflict between the crashing avalanches of ice and snow, and the thundering explosions of volcanic fire.

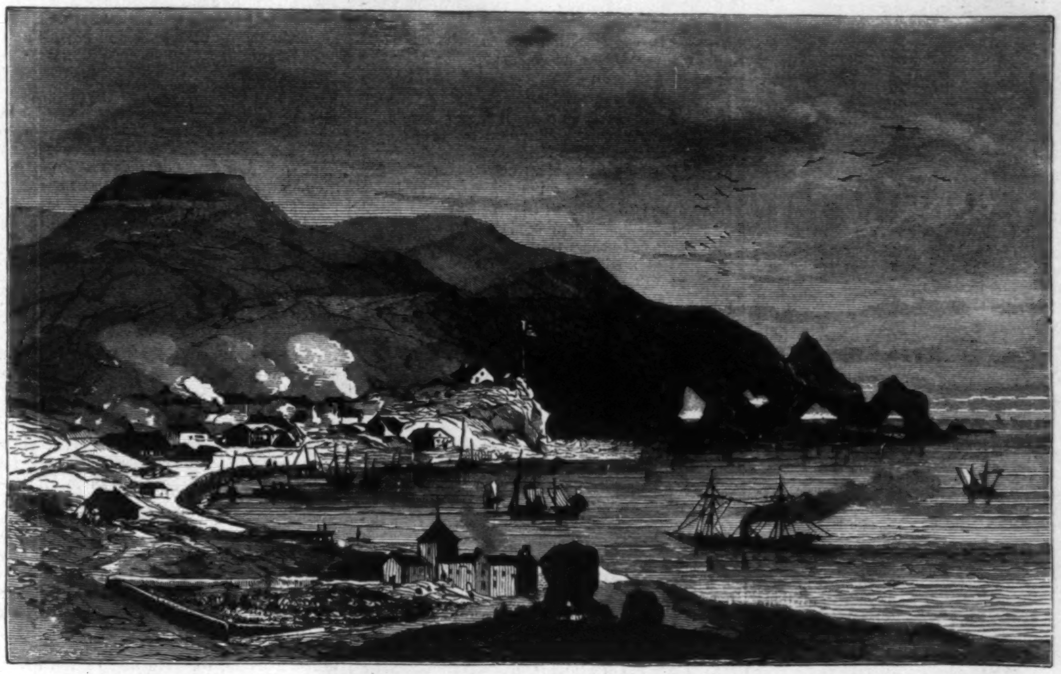
Nor were they themselves at all respected in their peaceful avocations by these angry combatants. As the consequence of one of these eruptions, near the close of the last century, more than ten thousand people lost their lives in the destruction caused by it, and by the resulting pestilence and famine; and a hundred and fifty thousand domestic animals were starved!

A residence in this terrible region of danger and isolation may be tolerable during the intervals of comparative repose which sometimes prevail among the conflicting elements surrounding it; but when the paroxysms of activity return, the situation of those exposed to them must be awful in the extreme. When we consider how much the terror and suffering of being driven from one's home into the streets by fire is intensified by the conflagration's occurring when the thermometer is at zero, in a temperate clime, we can see that the eruption of a volcano among human dwellings, in the midst of an arctic winter, with little day and little warmth to be looked for for months to come, must be the most awful of all human calamities.

And yet, fearful as such a region must be, considered as a permanent home for a community of human beings, the features of strange grandeur and sublimity which it presents have a great attractiveness for the traveler who visits it in the intervals during which the severity of the elemental conflicts of which it is the scene is somewhat relaxed, and the country enjoys seasons of comparative repose. The Gulf Stream, though its force is well-nigh spent before it reaches the region, still carries some warmth during the long summer to these shores, and the gentle rains which come from its vapors cause the grass to grow, and make the glens and valleys green. Journeys into the interior may then be made, and some of the most wonderful volcanic phenomena on the globe can be quietly observed. By these attractions adventurous travelers are often drawn to the island, notwithstanding the remoteness of its inhospitable shores, and the stormy and inclement seas that must be traversed to reach them.

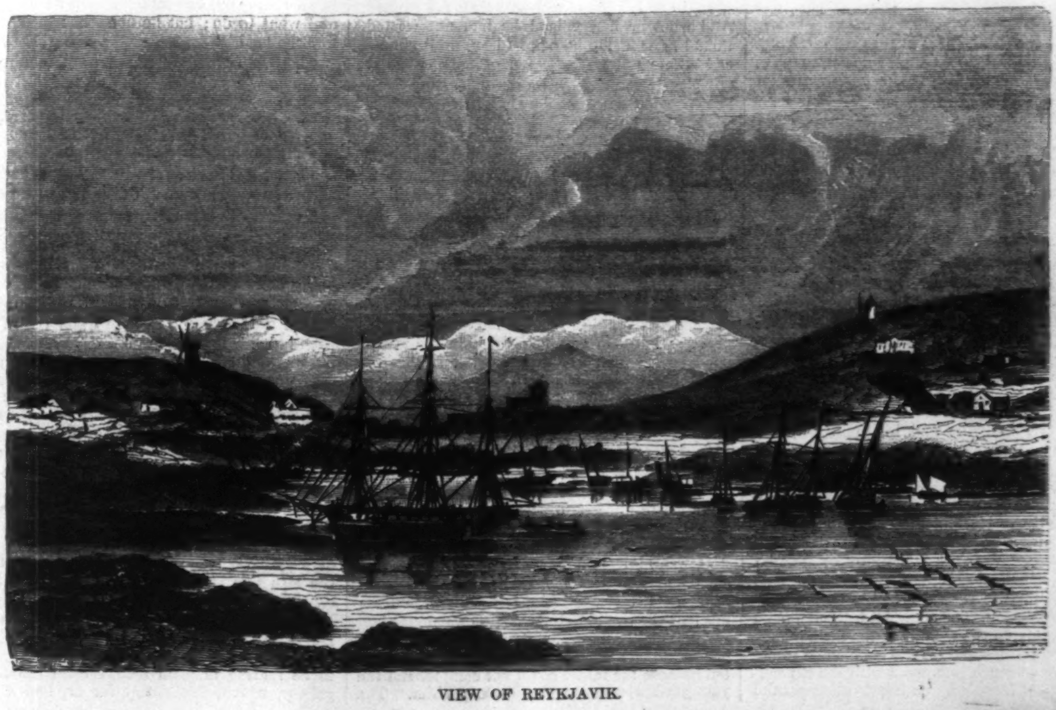
If the traveler, in visiting Iceland, comes from a port in the British Isles, he passes on his way the group of the Faroe Islands, consisting of one vast rock, with a number of smaller ones around it, long since thrown up from the sea by forces similar to those now in action in Iceland. At the Faroe Isles, however, the conflict has long since ceased. The fire has spent its force and withdrawn from the field, leaving the towering summits and vast chasms and caverns which the group presents to view as trophies of its former power.

As the traveler passes this group, perhaps the steamer stops to anchor for a day in the only harbor, that of Forshaven. Forshaven is the capital of the islands, but with that sounding title it is, after all, only a very small hamlet, consisting only of a few houses, and an unpretending fort upon a bluff overlooking the harbor—the only refuge of the fishing vessels which share with the sheep and cattle on the hills the duty of providing these exiles from the human family with their scant and precarious supplies of food. They may well be called exiles, for the seas around them are so incessantly agitated with currants, eddies, and whirlpools, formed by



FORSHAVEN—CAPITAL OF THE FAROE ISLANDS.

A SCHOOL OF WHALES.



VIEW OF REYKJAVIK.

the flux and reflux of the tides among the sunken rocks, and the air so subject to sudden and baffling gusts, and to sweeping and long-continued gales, that sometimes for a long period no craft that depends upon sails can safely approach the coasts, and during such times the isolation of the community from the outer world is complete.

Still the inhabitants of the Faroe Islands are not exposed to the appalling dangers and terrors which are always impending over Iceland. Far to the north as they are, being in the latitude of the northern part of Hudson Bay and the southern part of Greenland, by the influence of the Gulf Stream, and the deflection to the northward, through other causes, of the isothermal lines in those longitudes, the cold of the winter is so moderated that the grass remains green, and the sheep and cattle feed on the lower hills, during the whole season. Were it not for these influences the country would be entirely uninhabitable, as the regions in corresponding latitudes are on the eastern coast of this continent. The whole of Labrador lies entirely to the southward of these islands, and yet no life can exist in Labrador except such as can derive its sustenance from the sea.

The voyager, in continuing his course, encounters wild and stormy seas, but he is astonished to find how full the water and the air in these half arctic regions are of animal life. The shores and the shallow waters near them swarm with fish; when he passes near cliffs or promontories of rocks he finds the air alive with millions of aquatic birds; and sometimes his ship approaches a school of whales that rise to the surface, spout their column of water into the air, and then plunge again below.

It is only during the season of summer that these seas are considered open to navigators. It is then almost one continued day, for the sun in his course disappears only for an hour or two below the horizon, and even then the atmosphere is so brightened by the twilight that night has only the aspect of a cloudy day. But then, as an offset to this, the sea is agitated with almost perpetual storms. It was amidst these storms, and this wild commotion of winds and seas, that the old Northmen were nurtured—the Vikings or sea-kings, with their followers, who, having created the art of navigation amidst these cold and stormy seas, and inured themselves to every hardship which the roughest water and the most inclement skies could bring, at length made their way southward to the coasts of England and France, and, under the name of Danes and Normans, made incursions and settlements there, and thus laid the foundation of the present maritime superiority and renown of those great nations. They were first drawn out, a thousand years ago, from their bays and fiords by their dependence upon the sea for food, and the necessity of seeking it there at every hazard upon pain of starvation. And thus the present maritime grandeur of England and France may be traced back to its origin in the courage and skill with which hunger inspired these poor fishermen, a thousand years ago, in impelling them to brave, in search of sustenance, the dangers of these stormy northern seas.

The name of the principal harbor of Iceland is Reykjavik. The engraving represents its appearance as approached from the sea. In the centre of the town is seen the church, the most prominent structure. A building on the slope of the hill, upon one side of the town, is the residence of the Danish Governor—the island being a Danish possession. A curious account of the first settlement of the Danish colony upon it, which is highly characteristic of the times when the event is said to have occurred, will be given in another chapter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

SOLOMON'S REMINISCENCES.

THERE are wild places yet in the world, and primitive folk. Even in England there are localities of which the phrase, "It is a hundred years behindhand," still holds good; and so it was with Gethin. Its wind-swept moors, its rock-bound coast, had inhabitants altogether differing from the men of fields and farms; to Richard, a man of pleasure from the town, they seemed a foreign race. They were rough in externals, but kindly and genial at heart; given to hospitality, and, though good at a bargain, by no means greedy of gain. Above all there were no beggars. The poorest Gethin man would open a gate for you, or walk a hundred yards out of his way to show you your road, without asking for, or even expecting, a coin. They were, however, as delighted as surprised to get it; and before the open-handed young artist had been a week in the place he had demoralized it by his largesses. As, however, his smile and his thanks always accompanied these presents, he was served more for love's sake than the money's, and enjoyed a popularity which can not be purchased, and which yet is impossible to be won by one who has nothing to give. He had the reputation among these simple folks, who knew how to be frugal themselves, of having a superfluity of wealth; his air and manner showed he had been always used to be lavish (as indeed he had), and nourished this delusion, which extended, though upon other grounds, to the tenants of the little inn.

John Trevethick and his friend Solomon would not have been much impressed with the expenditure of a few pounds by an improvident youth; but the former was well aware that the guests of Carew of Crompton were almost without exception very wealthy men, and he judged of Richard's social position accordingly. He had no idea that his landscape-painting was any thing else than an amusement—as it was practiced by half the young ladies and gentlemen who visited Gethin in the summer months; he took him for an amateur; and if he had seen his sketches, and been a judge of art, he would have been only fortified in his conclusion. He liked the young fellow upon his own account, though not so much as his handsome face and pleasant manners, combined with his desire to please, caused others to do; for Mr. Trevethick was not at all impressionable in such matters. Richard hated him in his heart for the scanty crop of regard he seemed to get out of him, notwithstanding all his pains; he had never made so continued an effort to make himself agreeable and with so small a result; but his self-love would have been more deeply wounded had he known that his own exertions would not have even gained him what they did, had they not been seconded by a hidden ally in the landlord's breast. Richard's desire to conciliate was fully reciprocated by Trevethick, who wished above all things to make friends with the friend of Parson Whymper; only conciliation was so much out of his line. The old man and the young had absolutely nothing in common except their love for Harry.

Upon the other hand, John Trevethick and Solomon Coe were cast almost in the same mould. Notwithstanding the former's superstition he was intelligent and shrewd enough in practical matters, and had, indeed, quite a genius for mechanics. Deprived of his underground occupation by the catastrophe with which we are acquainted, he had set his wits to work at home on the matters with which he had hitherto but physically concerned himself; and the labor of his head had proved more lucrative than that of his hand. He had invented several improvements in the working machinery of the mine which had so nearly proved his tomb; these had been adopted, with considerable profit to himself, in other places; and the money thus acquired he had not frittered away (as is usual in such cases) in speculative investments. In the interim between his giving up his trade and his reaping the fruits of his inventions he had tasted the bitterness of poverty, and that had made him very cautious. But he had a small share in Dunloppel, which seemed likely to turn out very profitable; and he had built the inn, the returns from which were more than sufficient to support him—indeed, it was rumored that John Trevethick had been laying by a pretty penny, and could hold his head much higher if he pleased. His pleasures were certainly not expensive, for they consisted in fancy iron-working, the results of which brought him in a considerable sum; and in occasionally getting drunk, which, being a publican, he could accomplish at the most reasonable figure. He was a hard unlovable man, and interesting only as statistics may be said to be as compared with literature—in a hard, practical way. If superstitious, he was by no means religious; and, though honest, he was grasping. He took time to resolve upon a matter; but, when once his resolution was fixed, his will was iron, and his heart was stone. It was certainly curious that one of Trevethick's character should have entertained so long and freshly his sentiment of gratitude even to a man that had saved his life at the expense of his own; but even this may have had its roots in egotism. Had the person saved been his wife or his daughter the feeling would not perhaps have been so enduring; and in carrying it out, as he fully purposed to do, by bestowing Harry's hand upon Solomon, he was certainly not uninfluenced by the fact that the latter was, pecuniarily speaking, an excellent match.

Like himself, his intended son-in-law was the architect of his own fortunes; but he had built them up in a different way. His youth had been spent in the coal-mines of the north; and, though no lucky stroke of the pick can there make one rich, as it can in other underground localities, his strength and skill had met with their full reward. And what he had gained he had not wasted. Pound after pound he had laid by, until enough had been saved for investment; and it was Solomon's boast in after-years that he had never got less than ten per cent. for any of it. It was all ventured on underground speculations, some of them hazardous enough—but all had prospered; and here John Trevethick's judgment, though the old man himself had not the courage to follow it, had been of great advantage to him. Every thing he touched turned, if not to gold, at least to tin or copper; and before the lode ceased to yield Solomon had sold his shares at a good premium, and placed the proceeds in another pit. He had sown, as it were, his money in the earth, and reaped a golden harvest. And now Dunloppel, his last venture, seemed likely to prove his best: and it was another strand in the strong bond between himself and Trevethick that the latter had also a share in that undertaking. There are some men with whom a common pecuniary interest is the most binding tie of sympathy of which their nature is capable; and never had the landlord of the *Gethin Castle* been more closely attached to his guest and son-in-law elect than at this time, when Richard Yorke proposed to himself to part them; as though a gilded summer skiff should thrust itself between two laden coal-barges, and bid them budge.

It was at least a week before Solomon Coe could be induced to open his lips before Richard, beyond the utterance of a few pithy sentences; not that the smouldering embers of jealousy had been fanned in the mean time—for Richard had been prudence itself in his behavior to Harry—but because the miner could not comprehend the young fellow, and therefore distrusted him. The light and airy manners, which were as natural to Richard as was John Trevethick's ponderous cunning or his own self-satisfied reticence, seemed to Solomon mere affectation, and even his appearance effeminate and dandified; but when he saw that he wore no other air when conversing with the pitmen of Dunloppel—an expedition undertaken with himself at Richard's special invitation—and marked how actively he climbed the tall, steep ladders, and how fearlessly he trusted himself to the rope, he acquitted him of such artful fopperies. Of Richard's intelligence he had formed a good opinion from the time when the latter had enlisted himself upon his side in the argument concerning superstition; and it flattered his vanity to find so sensible and accomplished a young fellow deferring to his opinion upon all practical points, and apparently desirous of obtaining his views upon them.

There was one subject, the experience of his early years, upon which Solomon was never averse to descant, could he once be got to talk at all; and it was a certain token—as one, at least, of the company well knew—that his prejudice against Richard was quite surmounted when Solomon began to unfold to him, over their punch in the bar parlor, the annals of his underground career. Often had he done so to Harry—like another Othello (and almost as swarthy) narrating his adventures to his Desdemona—but never had she been so pleased to listen as now, when she needed but to seem to hear, and, without the penalty of reply, could feed her eyes upon young Richard's listening face. It is hard when, in the race for woman's favor, one has to waste one's breath in making the running for one's rival.

And yet the talk of Solomon Coe was well worth listening to. He told of the great war which is always being waged by man beneath the earth against the powers of Water, and Fire, and Foul Air, and of the daring deeds he had seen wrought against them. He told of coal-pits that had been on fire from time immemorial, above which no snow would lie, by reason of the heat beneath, and where the grass of the meadows was always green. He told of others which had been suddenly inundated by a neighboring river, or by the waters from old workings, let in by a single unlucky blow, whereby scores and scores of strong men were overwhelmed, whose corpses floated about for months in the dark drowned pit before their fellows above-ground could get at them.

His speech was somewhat sullen and hesitating, and what he said was interrupted by whiffs of smoke and sips of liquor; but the nature of the subject was so absorbing that it needed no gifts of eloquence. It interested Richard in spite of himself; and Solomon was not indifferent to the flattery which the young artist's attention conveyed, and scarcely needed the entreaties of Trevethick to persuade him to throw off his native reticence. What he forgot, and had mentioned in former narrations, the landlord supplemented; and when "Sol" became technical and obscure the other performed the part of chorus or explainer. If the former had been some gifted animal, and the latter its proprietor, he could not have taken a greater pride in the exhibition of its talent than did the landlord in these narrations. Now he would look at Richard, and nod and wink, as though to bespeak his special attention to what was coming; and now he would wave his pipe, like a dumb orchestra playing slow music, to express the tremendous nature of a situation. Perhaps he was genuinely impressed by these thrice-told tales—perhaps he was endeavoring, by a feigned admiration for Sol's experiences and exploits, to justify his choice of a son-in-law not altogether suited to his Harry. To do the *raconteur* justice, he was by no means so egotistic as his aider and abettor, and Trevethick would express his regrets to Richard that it was so hard to get Sol to dismiss generalities and talk about himself. "It's on account of Harry being here, you see," explained he behind his horny hand, but in a tone perfectly audible to the other tenants of the bar parlor; "or else he would tell you how the timbering of the pit once fell upon him, so as nothing was free but his head and his left hand; and yet he never lost his wits in all his agony, but told the men where to saw and what to do; but he don't like to boast before the 'gal.'"

Then Richard, taking the hint, inquired of Solomon whether any incident particularly striking had ever happened to himself during his underground experience; and Solomon replied, with affected carelessness; "No, not as I know on; nothing particular."

Then Trevethick broke in with, "What! not when you was shut up in the seam at Dunston?"

"Oh yes, to be sure," said Sol, as though the recollection of the circumstance had only just occurred to him; "there was *that*, certainly; but it was when I was quite a boy. I was not quite seventeen when Dunston Colliery was drowned. The Gatton poured right in upon it, and they have not got the water out of it in places to this day. It was always said that the pit was being worked too near the river; but that was little thought about by those as was most concerned, and it never disturbed the head of a lad like me, of course. It was in the afternoon of the 12th of December, a date as I am not likely to forget, when the thing happened. Two mates—one old man and a middle-aged one—and myself were at work in a heading together, when suddenly we heard a noise like thunder. 'That's never blasting,' says one. 'The Lord have mercy on us,' cries the other; 'it's the river come in at last!' For, as I say, the risk was quite well known, though it was considered small, and made a frequent jest of. Nothing that ever I heard was equal to that noise; the waves in Gethin caverns here, during storm, are a whisper to it; the whole pit seemed to be roaring in upon us. We all ran up the gallery, which, fortunately for us, had a great slope, and crouched down at the end of it. We heard the water pouring in and filling all the workings beneath us, and then pouring in and filling ours. It reached our feet, and left us but a very limited space, in which the air was compressed, when the noise of the inundation ceased. There was a singing in our ears, so that we could scarcely hear one another speak. We knew that the whole mine had become a lake by that time, and that it would take months to drain her, if she was ever drained. We knew that we were buried alive hundreds of feet beneath the earth; and yet we did not quite lose heart. There was this gleam of hope: supposing that the next gallery, which was on a higher level than our own, was not also flooded, we could be got at through the seam. We did not know the fact that it was more than sixty feet of solid coal, and would have taken under ordinary circumstances at least four weeks to dig through; we only knew that, if a door of escape was to open any where, it must open there. We kept tapping with the heels of our boots at equal intervals against this wall."

"The miner's signal," explained the landlord, with a wave of his pipe.

"We felt that if we were once heard, and if hard work could do it, that our mates would save us yet; and we encouraged one another as well as we could. But presently the oil in our lamps gave out, and we were left in darkness; and then our hope grew faint indeed. We had knocked for four-and-twenty hours unintermittingly without any reply. We did not cease, however, to discuss the possibilities of escape. We knew that all was being done for us aboveground that could be done; that the surveys of the mine were well executed; and that it was known exactly where we were, if we were alive at all. There were more than a hundred men employed in the lower workings, and it was a certainty that not one of them could have escaped death; the attention, therefore, of the engineers would be concentrated upon those parts of the mine that might possibly be left above water.

"On the second night of our imprisonment we heard a distinct reply to our signal; the old man who was of our company began to weep for joy, though he was doomed, as it turned out, poor soul! never to see the light. 'We shall be saved,' he said; 'do not fear.' We knocked again, and again the reply was heard—they had found us out, and would never relax their efforts to save us. 'God bless them!' said we all. We laid our ears close to the rock, and presently heard the strokes of the pick, but not very distinctly. When the other said he was afraid the rock was thick, the old man cried out: 'No, it was not that; it was because we were dull of hearing.' The fact was, that the seam was not only thick, but very hard. It was strange, indeed, though sounds are easily transmitted through rocks of considerable thickness, how our feeble taps had been heard at all. Day after day, and each day a black night, went on; every hour was to be the last of our captivity, according to the old man; as for me, I was almost worn out, and heavy with sleep, but he was in constant motion, knocking and listening. Then suddenly we heard a splash in the water beneath us—he had lost his balance, slid down the inclined plane, and been drowned. He never stirred a limb nor uttered a cry. His fate discouraged and alarmed us two survivors exceedingly. If help was coming, we now felt it would never come in time. We dug into the shale with the handles of our lamps and with our fingers, to make our position more secure. We did not venture to speak of our late companion's fate to one another. Horror overwhelmed us, so enfeebled had we become through famine and fatigue. We had devoured our leather belts, and even crumbled the rotten wood of the timber-props in water, and eaten that; but we were now consumed by thirst, which we dared no longer quench. We were afraid to venture down as before for the water in which the old man had sunk to death; and it was that which had kept us alive."

"Don't forget about how you made a bucket of your boots, Sol," suggested Trevethick, gravely.

"Yes, at last we tied a string to a boot, and got the water up that way," continued Solomon; "but our stomachs turned against it."

"It was not so good as my punch," observed the landlord, parenthetically, and emptying his steaming glass.

"More dark days came and went, though, of course, we could not tell how many; then, all of a sudden, we heard a human voice, inquiring: 'How many are you?' 'We are three,' was our reply. We had not the courage even then to own that one of us had already been taken; death seemed still so near to us. The aperture which had thus let in the world upon us was also very small."

"And what was it you asked for first?" interrupted the landlord, with a nod at Richard, as much as to say: "Listen now; this is curious."

"What we wanted was light. 'Light above all things!' was our cry. But our deliverers could give us but little of that, for they had scarcely any themselves. They had been working in a narrow gallery, by means of five inclined driftways, at each of which only one man could ply his pick at a time, and where light and air could only be procured artificially. The coal was carried out in baskets as fast as it was hewn out: the atmosphere in which they thus toiled like giants, naked to the waist, was almost suffocating; yet, under these conditions, they had literally effected in four days, to save our lives, what it would have taken them four weeks to do, had they been working by the piece for wages. They had even been compelled to put up ventilators, and their lamps would only burn when close to these. They gave us broth through a tin pipe; but almost another day elapsed before

the hole was large enough for them to carry us through it in their arms."

"And there was nobody else saved, was there?" inquired the landlord, with a triumphant look.

"There was not," said Solomon, expressing his tobacco smoke very slowly. "Out of a hundred and thirteen men who had been caught by the flood in Dunston we two were the sole survivors."

Many other stories of the like sort had Solomon to tell, and for not one of them was he indebted to his imagination. His experience of life had been remarkable, and it had impressed itself upon his character. His will was as strong as that of Trevethick, but he had less of caution; and he was at the same time both plodding and audacious.

It would not be well, thought Richard occasionally, to have either of these men for an enemy; and he was right. Unhappily, it was impossible to win Harry without a quarrel with, at least, one of them, and rather than lose her he was prepared to defy them both. If he could but have lifted a corner of the curtain that veils the future—well, even then, so mad was he by this time with the love of her, that he would almost have defied them still.

CHAPTER XVI.

SPRING-TIDE.

THERE is a beauty in woman that takes the stranger, and another the changeful charm of which wins its way deeper and deeper daily into the heart of man; but in the person of Harry Trevethick these two beauties were combined. Richard thought he had never seen any face half so fair as that which shone upon him through the mist on the first day when he came to Gethin; and when he had dwelt there for weeks he was of the same opinion still. Harry was innocent, tender-hearted, and gay, and so far the expression of her features told you truth; but it also told you more than that, which you must needs believe, though it was not the fact. Her face was not the index of her mind in all respects; it was rather like the exquisite and costly dial-plate of a time-piece the works of which are indifferent. Her air was spiritual; her voice thrilled your being with its sweet tone; her eyes were full of earnest tenderness; but she was weak of purpose, vacillating rather than impulsive, credulous, and given (not from choice, but fear) to dissimulation. That last fault Richard willingly forgave her, since it worked to his advantage; and to the others he would have been more than human had he not been blind. For Harry loved him. She had never said so; he had never asked her to say so; but it was taken for granted on both sides. They were thrown much together, for Dunloppel—a treasure-house, which proved richer and richer the more it yielded—monopolized the attention of both Trevethick and Solomon; they were in high good-humor, and not at all disposed for quarrel or suspicion. Harry had always been the mistress of her own movements, and she went, as usual, whither she liked, and Richard went with her.

The spring was advancing, and brought its soft hues even to the barren moors of Gethin, and bathed its gray rocks in sunshine. There was much to see that was worth seeing, and who so fit as Harry to point out these objects of attraction with which she had been familiar from her childhood? They strolled along the beach to Polwheel, and she showed him how the harbor there had been silted up through the wrath of the mermaids, or "merry maids," as she called them, still (under favorable circumstances) sometimes seen sitting on the slate cliff ledges beneath the clear blue sea. Far from ridiculing her superstitions, he led her on to talk of them; he did not much mind what she talked about so long as he could look at her and listen.

"But why were the Polwheel mermaids so cruel, Harry! I always imagine them bright and beautiful beings, with golden hair almost as long as yours, and with nothing to do but to comb it."

"That is so, when they are let alone," said Harry, simply; "but even the weakest creatures love revenge, and will get it if they can."

"And quite right too," interrupted Richard; "but for fear of that the strong would be more uncivil even than they are."

"Well, a mermaid was once cruelly treated by a Polwheel man—he fell in love with her, and deserted her—and then her sisters choked up the harbor bar."

"But how did he come to court the mermaid? That must have been difficult; though, if I saw you sitting under water yonder, I should certainly dive, and try."

"You would have no breath to make me pretty speeches then," said Harry, demurely. "This mermaid was, however, a changed child. A Polwheel woman was bathing her infant in the pool yonder beneath that arched rock, when it suddenly gave a cry of joy, and leaped from her arms into the sea. She thought it was drowned, but it came up the next instant more beautiful and bright than ever. She did not herself know but that it was her own child, but there were old folks in the town who knew that it was in reality a mermaid's changeling. She grew up to be a lovely woman, and the Squire of Polwheel at that time—for his race has died out since—fell in love with her; he treated her very ill, and she died broken-hearted, at Gethin, and was buried in our church-yard, where I can show you the tomb."

"And did no punishment overtake the scoundrel Squire?"

"Yes. After a great revel one night, he was returning home by the sands, and in the moonlight beheld a beautiful lady sitting by this same pool. She was so like his dead love to look at that he was frightened at first, but she smiled and beckoned to him, and then, clasping him in her arms, leaped into the sea, and drowned him; and in the storm that arose that night the merry maids filled up the harbor."

"That was hard upon Polwheel," observed Richard, "though the Squire only got what he deserved. He must have been a bad lot."

"But the mermaid was very foolish to believe him," added Harry—"very."

They visited the Fairy Bower, did these young people—the only spot about Gethin where trees grew; a beautiful ravine, with a fall of water, and a caverned cell beside it, where a solitary hermit was said to have dwelt. Notwithstanding which celibate association, it had a wishing-well besides, into which a maiden had but to drop a pin, and wish her wish, and straightway the face of her future husband was mirrored in the water. Through its clear depths you might see the bottom of the pool quite paved with pins.

"And does the charm always work?" asked Richard, laughing. "Try it to-day."

"No, no," answered Harry, gravely; "one must be quite alone for that, and beneath the moonlight."

On Morven Point, a grand old promontory, which pushed out many a yard to meet the encroaching waves, and battled with them long before they reached the main land, they sat and watched the sunsets; looked down upon the busy hive of men that worked upon the slate quarry beneath, or gazed upon the ships that tacked and wore to make Turlock Haven. There was a tower on this place, half ruined and with broken steps, up which they climbed together on one occasion, and stood supporting one another upon its dizzy top. There lay around them a splendid prospect of sea and land, but they were looking into one another's eyes, and yet they did not speak of that which was nearest to their hearts. It was a topic to be avoided as long as possible. They only enjoyed these blissful opportunities—they had only been permitted to thus stroll out together alone and unsuspected—upon the tacit understanding that no such thing as love could exist between them. If Harry had not plighted faith to Solomon, her engagement to him tacitly existed nevertheless, and it was under its ægis alone that they had been protected and indulged. It was a part of the character of the young girl to persuade herself that she was doing no harm so long as it was possible to entertain that delusion; and it was all one to Richard what their love was called so long as it *was* love. Else, as they stood alone together in the noonday stillness, his arm around her waist, as it had not been since that first afternoon upon the castled rock, he must needs have told her why the heart that pressed so close against her side was beating high. Just then, however, he dared not. Suppose that, by any possibility, he had mistaken her sentiments; suppose, that is, an extorted promise, or fear of her father's anger, or what not, should compel her to deny his suit, and cleave to Solomon; suppose even that her simplicity was such—and it was in some things marvelously great—that she had accepted his affection as that of a brother—a friend of her father's and of "Sol's"—but no; he felt certain that she loved him; suppose, at all events, for whatever reason, she was once again to reprove him for yielding to the temptation of her lips, he felt that such a rebuke must of necessity finish all. She could not forgive him twice, unless she gave him license to offend forever. He dared not, therefore, speak directly of that which both were thinking of; and yet he could not altogether ignore so sweet a subject.

"That is the moor yonder, Harry, over which I first came to Gethin—how long ago!"

"Has the time, then, hung so very heavy on your hands?" asked she, seriously.

"No, Harry, no; on the contrary, I have never been so happy; but when one has a new experience, however charming it may be, it seems to dwindle down one's past to nothing. I have had two lifetimes, as it seems to me—one elsewhere, and one here; and yet it is but six weeks since I met you first, Harry, out yonder, gleaming like a sunbeam through the fog."

"I remember it well," said Harry, with a slight shiver.

"But not to sigh about it, dear, I trust? You are not afraid of me *now*, as you were then? Do you recollect how scared you were when I called you back that day?"

"Yes, well," answered the young girl, earnestly. "I had a reason for being scared, though you would laugh at me if I told you what it was."

"Do I ever laugh at you, Harry, when you would have me serious?" asked Richard, reproachfully. "Come, tell me why you shrank from me—as you can not to-day, dear, for, see, I have got you close—and why your large eyes looked so wild and strange that I half thought you mad? Did you take me for a ghost?"

"No; but I had just seen what is far worse than any ghost. Did you not mark how pale I got that same night? I thought I should have fainted when I was asked" (it was Solomon who had put the question, but Solomon's name was never mentioned between these two young people) "if I had ever seen a spectre ship. I had seen one that very day—only a few minutes before I met *you*—and on this very cliff."

"Well, and what then?" said Richard, smiling. "Neither your father, nor any one in whom you have an interest, goes to sea. The Flying Dutchman did not concern you, I reckon, even if he did pay you a call."

"You do not understand," said Harry, seriously; "it was not that at all. But when the mists rise over Turlock sands, as they did that day, a black, square-rigged vessel glides across them, which bodes ill to those who see her; and *I* saw her as plain as I see *you*."

"But not so near," said Richard, fondly. "She was coming from Turlock to the quarry yonder—"

"To fetch slates," interrupted the other—"nothing more likely."

"Nay, not she; no craft would have attempted that in such weather; and, besides, there was not a soul on board of her. She was sailing against what little wind there was, and against the tide."

"But even if this was so, Harry, what of it? What harm has come of it?"

"Nothing as yet; nor was I greatly frightened at the time. That omen bodes unhappiness to him or her who sees it, and I was already unhappy."

"Because I was not here to comfort you, Harry. Well, that is remedied."

She shook her head, and did not return the reassuring pressure of his hand. "Listen!" she said. "This misery comes through the person whom he who has seen the vision shall next meet; and I thought I knew who I should meet on my way home—one from whom"—she sank her voice to a whisper—"I already expected misery."

"You mean—" began Richard, eagerly.

"No matter whom I mean. It was not he who met me; that was *you*."

The hand which he held in his was cold as ice; her face was pale; and her limbs trembled under her.

"This is folly, Harry dear. Am I likely to do you harm, to make you miserable?"

"I do not know," said she. "I sometimes think you are."

He put the long hair back from her forehead, and gazed into her eyes, which were now fast filling with tears. "I love you, Harry, with all my heart," sighed he—"you know I do. And, though you are sometimes cold, and at others seem as though you purposely avoided me, I think you love *me*—just a little—too. Better, at all events, than the man with whom you yourself have just confessed you expect nothing but misery."

"Hush, hush!" moaned she. "If I said that, it was very wrong."

"It was the truth, Harry. How could it be otherwise? He is not a lover meet for such as you; he is twice your age, and rough and rude of speech even as a suitor. Do you think he will be more tender when he is a husband? He is no mate for you, Harry, nor you for him."

Again she shook her head, with a slow mournful movement, as though less in dissent from his statement than in despair of remedy.

"What!" cried he, "because his father was your father's friend, does that give him the right to be your husband?"

The young girl answered only with her sobs.

"Now tell me, darling—did you ever promise to be this man's wife in words?"

"Yes—no—I am not sure. Oh yes, I must be his; my father has set his mind upon it. Nay, do not smile at that; you don't know what my father is. He is not one to cross;" and, as if at the very thought of her stern parent's wrath, she lifted up her head from Richard's breast, and looked around in fear.

"But suppose I win him to my side, sweet Harry?"

"That you could never do," sighed she. "I tell you you don't know him."

"Nay; but I think I do, dear; and, if I could show him that it was to his own advantage to have me for his son-in-law, in place of—"

"You would not persuade him," interrupted the young girl, firmly—"not even if you were Carew of Crompton's heir."

The words she had used were meant to express exhaustless wealth—for with such was the owner of Gethin still credited in that far-away corner of his possession—but they startled and offended Richard. "I may not be Carew's heir," said he, haughtily; "but I have some power at Crompton, and I can exert it in your father's favor."

Harry shook her head. "He wants for nothing," she said, "that you can give him. He is wealthier than you imagine. He has two thousand pounds in notes, for which he has no use; they lie in the strong-box in my room. But there, I promised not to speak of that."

"I am not a burglar in disguise," said Richard, smiling, "and would make your father richer rather than rob him. But why should he keep so large a sum by him?"

"I do not know; but there it *is*, locked with a letter padlock which he made himself. No human being can open it, he says, who does not know the secret."

Richard was silent. Something else than love was occupying his thoughts, though his fingers were making marriage rings for themselves of Harry's golden hair. It is like entertaining angels unawares to find after one has fallen in love that it is with an heiress.

"Dear Harry," said he at last, "I think I shall take you from your father's willing hands; I have good hope of it, and better since I have heard you so despairing; but, at all events, you will be mine. Let me hear those sweet lips say so. Promise me, promise me, my darling, that you will be my wife."

He caught and clasped her close, and she did not repulse him.

"I dare not, Richard—I dare not promise you," she murmured.

"But if your father gives me leave?" whispered he, his lips to her warm cheek.

She uttered a soft cry of passionate joy that told him more than a hundred phrases of assent how dear he was to her, and hid her face upon his breast.

Oh happy hour, so bright, and yet so brief! Oh golden noon, already on the verge of eve and blackest night!

How often in the after-time did that fair and sunny scene recur to them, a bitter memory; how often was that first kiss of love renewed by cruel fancy and in mocking dreams, its sweetness changed to gall!

Better for one—better, perhaps, for both—if, clasped in one another's arms, they had fallen from that tall tower's top, and then and there had ended life and love together!

TURCOS IN BATTLE.

THESE half savage soldiers, who go into a fight with the recklessness and ferocity of wild beasts, have proved no match for their Prussian antagonists, who with calmer and more manly courage repel their wild assaults. Their bravery is unquestioned. They seem to fear neither death nor wounds, and when repulsed will return again and again to the attack. The illustration on page 601 gives a graphic and faithful representation of their style of fighting. The German papers contain frightful accounts of their ferocity, and a private letter, written soon after one of the recent battles, says:

"In the last engagement they scalped several wounded Germans, flayed their faces alive, and stabbed them with penknives. Three German officers, found in this state by their comrades, prayed to be shot instantly to be relieved from their sufferings; their wish was complied with, as there was no chance of life. Of three Hanoverian soldiers caught by the Turcos, they cut off the hands, noses, and ears. Another Turco, who had both legs shot off, crawled with difficulty to a wounded Prussian, and bit him in the neck; another, also wounded, shot an officer (from behind) dead through the neck. Several Turcos were brought here among the wounded, and placed in the highest rooms of the lazaret (into which the barracks have been turned), but one, being so very ill, was thought incapable of mischief, and was placed with some of the Prussians. To-day, however, he seized an opportunity to stab to death the wounded German lying near him, with a large penknife he had kept concealed by the lining of his trowsers."

These accounts seem too shocking for belief, and yet we are assured that they are true.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AT the theatre one night John Phœnix thought he saw an acquaintance sitting a few seats in front, and asked a gentleman between them to poke him with his cane. When he turned around John discovered his mistake. Fixing his attention on the play, and affecting indifference of the whole affair, he left the man with the cane to settle the disturbance, and he, being wholly without an excuse, there was, of course, a ludicrous and embarrassing scene, during all of which Phœnix was profoundly interested in the play. At last the man asked, indignantly: "Did you tell me to poke that man with my stick?" "Yes." "And what did you want?" "I wanted to see whether you would poke him or not."

A sailor was called upon the stand as a witness. "Well, Sir; do you know the plaintiff and defendant?" "I don't know the drift of your words," answered the sailor. "What! not know the meaning of plaintiff and defendant!" continued the lawyer; "a pretty fellow you to come here as a witness! Can you tell me where on board the ship it was that this man struck the other one?" "Abaft the binnacle," answered the sailor. "Abaft the binnacle!" answered the lawyer, "what do you mean by that?" "A pretty fellow you," responded the sailor, "to come here as a lawyer, and don't know what abaft the binnacle means!"

A clergyman last summer visited the celebrated Hoosac tunnel, and encountered a sprightly Irishman, who, in reply to the question, "Do you think this work will pay?" promptly replied, "Faith, no! But thin it 'll be a great ornemint to society."

Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, is a capital place in which to establish a sensational paper. Last week it enjoyed the felicity of a railroad smash up, four sun-strokes, a kerosene horror, a boy drowned in a barrel of soft soap, and another vitally disintegrated from lunching on broken glass.

A lady at Long Branch appears at breakfast-table with a plain dress, bad complexion, dreadful figure, and a small quantity of hair. In the afternoon she is the fairest of the fair, her figure is superb, and her chignon gorgeous. How does she manage?

IMPRUDENT—Promising your doctor a legacy.

A story is going the rounds about a girl in Chester, Vermont, dying from tight lacing. An editor, commenting on the fact, says: "These corsets should be done away with; and, if the girls can't live without being squeezed, we suppose men can be found who would sacrifice themselves. As old as we are we would rather devote three hours a day, without a cent of pay, as a brevet corset than see these girls dying off in that manner. Office hours almost any time."

A passenger, having hired a boat to take him across a very rough stream, asked the Irish boatman if any body was ever lost there. "No," said Pat; "me brother was drowned there the other week, but we found him again the next day."

A clerk in an Erie hotel has a magnificent scheme in view. It is a circular hotel, to rest on a pivot, like a locomotive turn-table. The object is to give every guest a "front room."

Two convicts, by name Clark and Joy, were on their way to Australia. "You have the advantage of me, Clark; you needn't look so blue." "Why have I?" asked the other. "You're being transported with Joy."

A morning paper says, in an obituary: "Mr. —— was an estimable citizen. He died with perfect resignation. He had recently been married."

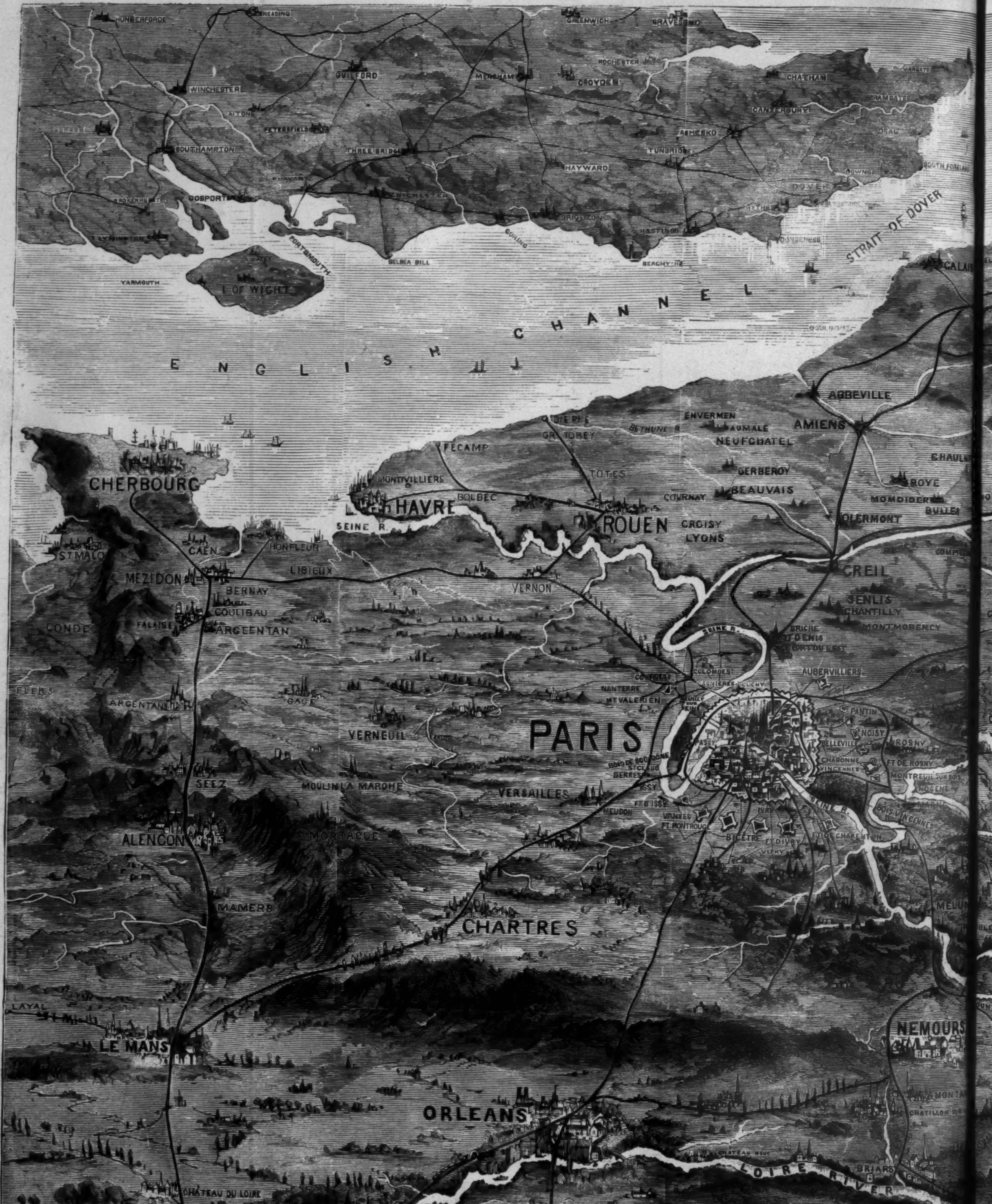
A few days since a woman walking in East Norwegian Street, in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, was attracted by the beautiful Scotch granite monument which stands in a marble-yard. She asked, "What is it, really?" The proprietor told her that it was a granite monument. "Shure," said she, "I thought it was sausage mate in a glass case!"

A "green-grocer" is described as "one who trusts."

A gentleman passing through a potato-field observed an Irishman planting some potatoes. He inquired what kind he had there. "Raw ones, to be sure," replied the son of Erin; "if they were boiled they wouldn't grow."

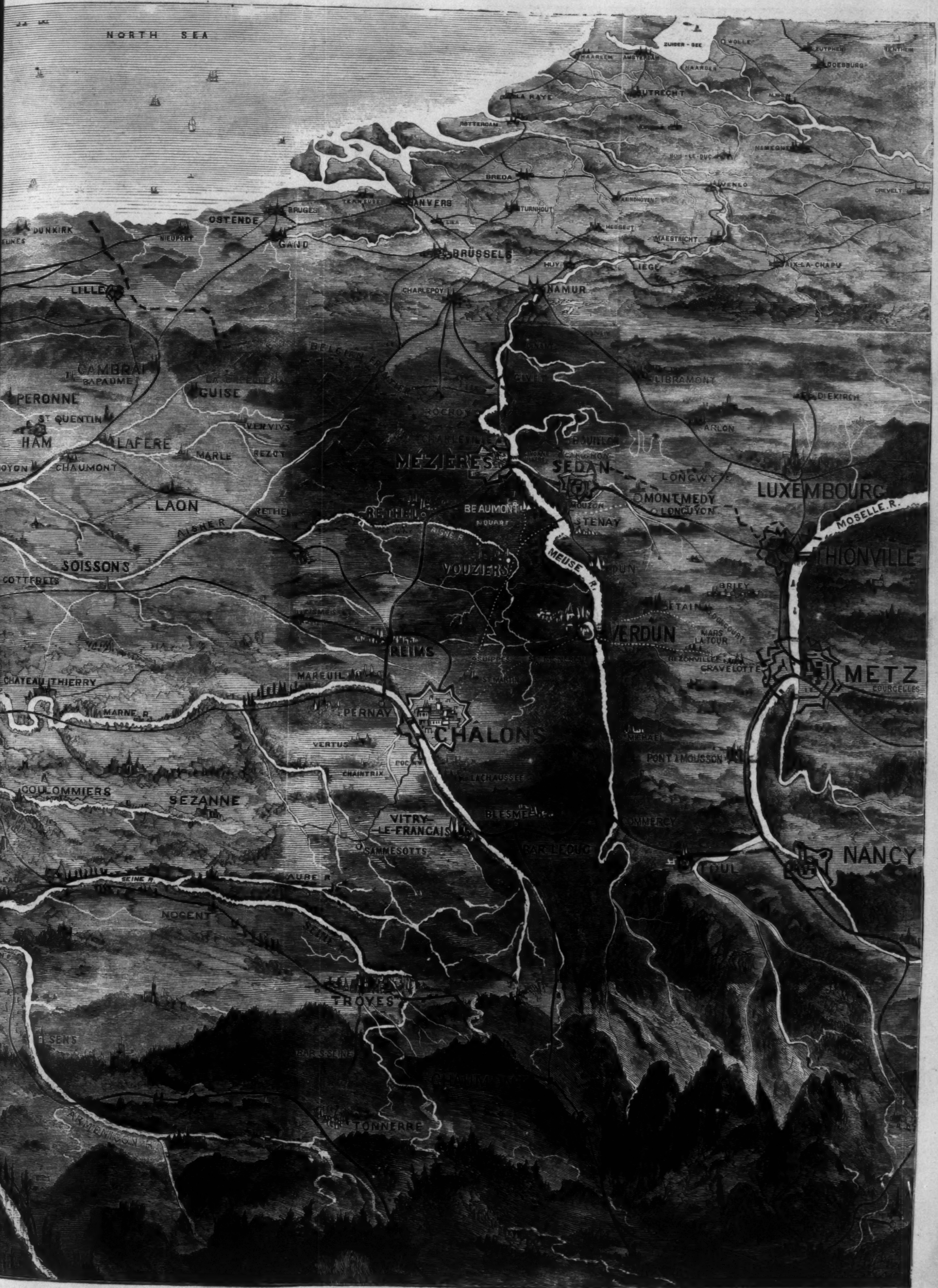
An article of apparel sometimes added to a lover's suit: "the sack." Also "the mitten."

BEFORE THE ATTACK.—[See Poem on Page 602.]



THE SEAT OF ... IN

SHOWING THE SCENE OF M'MAHON'S DEFEAT AND CAPITULATION, PARIS AND ITS ENV... AND



IN FRANCE.

ND ITS RAILROAD CONNECTIONS WITH TOURS, CHERBOURG, HAVRE, AND OTHER CITIES.

TURCOS IN ACTION—CHARGING A PRUSSIAN BATTERY.—[See Page 599.]

BEFORE THE ATTACK.

[See Illustration on Page 600.]

PATIENCE, O comrades, the time will come
When the signal gun shall flash,
And the blare of bugle and roll of drum
Shall join with the rifle's crash.
Then the ranks of the foe shall be crushed and riven,
They shall scatter before us like clouds storm-driven;
But steady now, till the word is given,
Then go with a dash.

He is not brave who is only brave
In the fervor of the fight;
The truest courage is sober and grave,
And steadfast in its might.
'Tis waiting and watching tries us most,
When terrible silence is over the host—
Keep steady, and each man at his post
Close up—that's right.

But a little longer—'tis deadly still—
Will the signal never come?
Now—ready—blow, trumpeter, blow with a will,
Beat, drummer, upon your drum.
Our waiting is over—there booms the gun;
Look to your rifles—stand steady each one.
Now, forward, O comrades mine, with a run;
Hurrah! strike home!

ROMANCE IN A RAILWAY.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

Two young barristers, traveling from London to Liverpool, took their seats one evening in a first-class carriage of the five o'clock express at the Euston Square Station—a station known, I venture to think, to every American who has ever invaded the old country. There were only two other seats occupied in the compartment entered by the two young men. Two ladies—at least, a lady and her maid—were the other occupants. The lady was young and pale and pretty; the maid was a fresh, blooming, round-eyed north country girl—the moment she spoke a word her accent made it plain to one of the two advocates, himself from the lakeland of Northern England, that the girl came from dear old Cumberland. Two gentlemen, one apparently the young lady's father, attended her to the carriage door, and waited at the door until the train actually moved off. They both, especially the one who seemed to exercise parental authority over the young lady, kept incessantly casting expectant, eager, suspicious eyes about the platform, as if they looked for or dreaded the arrival of somebody. These little facts the two barristers, accustomed to note small things and construct them into evidence, observed almost unconsciously, and by the sheer force of habit.

The older man, whom both the youths learned in law assumed to be the father of the departing young lady, at last nodded significantly to the other, and said, in a low tone: "It is all right, Cunningham. He is not here. Thank Heaven!"

"He can't come now," said the other.

"It would not have much mattered even if he did," the elder observed. "He should not have exchanged a word with her—not one word! But I'm glad to escape scenes and tears and confusion for all that."

The lady in the carriage had heard nothing of this. She sat at the farther side of her compartment. Doubtless what was said would never have been spoken were she near enough to hear it. One of our lawyer friends, however, did hear it—in fact, he could not help himself; he had no choice but to hear.

The elder of the two speakers had taken a farewell of the girl when he put her into the carriage—that is, he kissed her very coldly, and said good-by, and added a few whispered words, which seemed to be something in the nature of a caution or a menace. Now, as the train moved off, he only nodded a farewell. He had a formally handsome face, regular, cold, and harsh, with thin lips and very white teeth.

The train then went on, and soon whirled through the pleasant suburbs of that side of London, and away into the open country. The young lady seemed very melancholy and absorbed. She replied gracefully to a few civilities and attentions offered by the two barristers, but was evidently not much inclined to any manner of conversation. She exchanged a few words every now and then with her maid, but for the most part remained silent.

It was growing to be late in autumn, and dusk soon began to come on. The evening was soft and beautiful; the face of the country looked tender and poetic, with all its autumnal charm and melancholy grace around it.

Our two friends talked together on many subjects, at first in a low tone, then, as the young lady appeared to be asleep, or wholly absorbed in her own thoughts, they began to speak a little more freely and loudly. Something or other, perhaps the gray poetic sadness of the evening, set them talking of the old world ghosts—the dear, delightful, torturing, hair-lifting blood-chilling spectres who used to haunt our childhood. They actually began telling each other ghost stories, and did not observe the shuddering terror of the Cumberland lass, who could hardly sit still in her seat, so great was her interest, excitement, and superstitious dread.

"I don't know," said one of the two young men, Lewis Rossmore by name, "why railways should be supposed to have necessarily banished ghosts. I can quite imagine a ghost making his appearance in this very train, for instance."

"Can you?" replied Fred Sargent. "I confess I can't; but I think you Northmen, near the Scottish border, have more imagination than we prosaic cockneys."

At the same time he happened to glance at the young lady in the corner, and her pale, sad face seemed ghostlike enough in the gray evening light. Sargent thought for a moment of the legend of the company who sat one evening telling ghost stories until at last the turn came to a pale young lady, who had been silent all the time, and who now, when invited to contribute her share to the entertainment, said, in a low, toneless voice, "I have no ghost story to tell, but I am a ghost myself!" and so vanished.

"Yes," pursued Lewis Rossmore; "I can easily imagine it; and I think it could be done with rather fine effect. Look here, Sargent, take a note of this idea, and make something of it for one of the magazines. Two people are traveling alone in a railway—the express—and have just passed one of the only stopping-places. Behold, as the train is rushing at full speed across the open country, fifty miles an hour, and the evening is growing dark, like this, they suddenly perceive that one of the seats has an occupant, whose presence was not observed before—"

"God's sake don't ye go on in that way," broke in the Cumberland girl, unable to contain herself any longer. "Don't ye go on so, gentlemen; it's enough to raise a ghost right i' the midst of us all!"

The young men laughed at first, but the superstitious fear of the poor girl was so obviously genuine and profound that Rossmore discontinued his goblin invention, and they reassured her and talked for a few moments of something else. Then the train stopped for five minutes at the one only station where it was to make any halt during the long journey. No one got out of the compartment in which our friends were, and no one got into it; and when the train had fairly moved off, and our two friends felt secure against further disturbance, they settled themselves for sleep. The young lady appeared to be already asleep.

Both young men slept. Suddenly a loud shriek caused both to start up and rub their eyes.

It was the Cumberland girl who had given the alarm.

"It's a ghost! it's a ghost!" she cried. "That's what comes of your deviltry and your talk—you've brought a ghost among us!"

The evening had sunk into almost complete darkness; the one lamp, the highest luxury in the way of illumination, to which even first-class passengers in an English express are treated, was burning very dimly; but it needed little light to see that there was a fifth figure in the carriage—the figure of a man. There he was assuredly; a tall, slender man, stooping because of the lowness of the roof, and apparently about to take the seat, which was vacant, opposite to that on which the young lady was seated. She had started up with a half scream on hearing her servant's alarm; but the back of the mysterious intruder was turned to her, and she, perhaps, saw nothing surprising in his presence.

Both the young lawyers, however, saw something very surprising in it. An English railway train can not possibly be entered by any one after it has moved from the station. Nor has it any outer platform, or other means of communication, by which passengers can go from one carriage into another. The carriages open at the sides, and each first-class coach is a room closed up and complete in itself. Nobody had entered this compartment when it stopped at the station; nobody could have entered it since then; yet, here was a fifth occupant where only four were present before.

"Hallo! who are you?" exclaimed Sargent.

"How did you get in—where the devil did you come from?" fiercely demanded Rossmore.

"It's a ghost!" sobbed the Cumberland girl, faithful to her original hypothesis.

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," the intruder very calmly observed. "You have not a ghost among you; although, if I had remained under cover a little longer, it is quite possible you might have had a ghost in the carriage before the end of the journey."

But the sound of his voice created a new agitation. The young lady sprang from her seat and cried out, "Oh, Harold! my dear, dear Harold!" and threw herself upon his neck, and sobbed and laughed and sobbed again, and committed other such extravagances, to which the intruder lent himself, with great apparent cordiality, giving back embrace for embrace, and with compound interest.

The Cumberland girl said, "God be guid to us—it's Master Harold himself!"

The two barristers resumed their seats, and looked on much amazed, but with that outward calmness which distinguishes your true Briton under almost all conceivable circumstances. The intruder, whoever he might be, was clearly neither ghost nor robber.

"Oh, Harold!" exclaimed the young lady; "how did you come here? Where did you get in; and what have you come for?"

"Come for! Why, to see you, love, of course. They thought they were quite safe, I believe, when they saw the train fairly off, but they were a little mistaken. We'll surprise them a little more yet, Alice!"

"But how did you come here, Harold?"

"Do satisfy our curiosity, Sir," Sargent interposed. "It really is quite legitimate on our part, seeing that your sudden appearance looks very like a fraud upon the railway company, of which, for aught you know, my friend and I may be leading directors—and then you are positively accused of being a ghost."

The young man laughed. "Gentlemen," he said, "you shall have a full explanation. I have been for years engaged to this young lady. Lately her mother, who was a widow, thought fit to marry again, and her new husband, this young lady's step-father—you saw him at the station to-day—detests me, has poisoned his wife's mind against me, and has persuaded her to refuse her consent to our marriage, of which she quite approved two years ago—perhaps because we were then too young to marry. I am going to the West Indies, and may be absent Heaven knows how long; and they had set their hearts upon preventing me from seeing Alice before I go. Now I had, very naturally, set my heart on seeing her; and yet I didn't care to ask her to do any thing directly in opposition to her mother's commands."

"Quite right, Sir," said Rossmore, with a look of infinite solemnity.

"Very commendable indeed," added Sargent, paternally.

"So," Harold continued, "I found that she was being sent back to the country to-day, in order to get her quickly out of my way—and my course was clear."

"Don't see it yet," murmured Sargent.

"Don't you see it? I came to Euston Station, took a ticket to Liverpool—so you perceive there is no question of fraud on the company—used audacious efforts in the way of bribery, and thus induced the guard, first to allow me to hide under the seat, and next to manage so that the young lady, whose photograph I showed him, should be conducted into this particular carriage. Gentlemen, this was done—and, in short, here I am."

"Lucky that you were not smothered," said Sargent.

"Or shot as a robber, on emerging from your hiding-place," said Rossmore.

"Dear Harold, how you must have suffered," Alice whispered. He pressed her hand tenderly.

"Why did you not come out before?" she asked.

Harold smiled. "Blame these gentlemen for that," he said. "They will not be offended if I say that I thought them just a little *de trop;* and I fancied, from something they said, they were about to get out at the station we have just passed, and so I waited. But when I found they were coming the whole way, I saw it was useless waiting any longer, and I came out, and nearly frightened poor Polly there" (the servant) "out of her senses."

"Very sorry we should have been in your way, Sir," said Sargent. "But it may interest you to know that I am the very profoundest sleeper who ever traveled in a train, and that I feel terribly sleepy already."

"And I," said Rossmore, "can hardly keep my eyes open."

So the discreet barristers at once turned round in their seats, coiled themselves up, closed their eyes, and were apparently buried in slumber deep enough for the Emperor Barbarossa or the Sleeping Beauty in her immortal wood.

Then Harold sat beside Alice, and took her hand in his; and the servant, Polly, seemed to follow the example of her legal traveling companions, and sink into sleep. So Alice and Harold talked and talked, and were happy. About to part, apparently, for years, yet they were happy in the present. Surely that is one of the most excellent and exquisite properties of love—exquisite in its delight and in its pain—that it never looks beyond the present hour, but finds happiness now in a momentary meeting, though the agony of a long parting threatens near at hand—agony now in a momentary parting, although the hope of a speedy reunion may smile and offer consolation.

These two then were happy for the hour. But after all the whole journey from London to Liverpool by express is only some five hours' affair; and two hours had been wasted before our adventurous lover emerged from his concealment. So the prospect of Liverpool and separation began to look very threatening and imminent; and Harold, dreading and detesting the thought of such a parting, began to urge a wild proposal. Why should they not escape at Liverpool, take the first train in the morning—only a very few hours to wait—and go on to Scotland and be married there? Then let the family do its worst; and Harold would not go to the West Indies, but would push a career at home. Or, even if he had to go, he would at least leave behind him a wedded wife, whom no ill-conditioned step-father could take from him. "Be my wife—come and be my wife—that first; that at all hazards!" So rang the refrain of the passionate outpouring which for nearly an hour Harold kept whispering into Alice's ear.

The girl had spirit enough, and was not unwilling to yield. Indeed, there were few risks life could offer which she was not ready to encounter rather than go back to the dreary and odious home life, with Harold far away. Now she was being sent, as she perfectly well knew, to the custody, the mere custody, of an uncle and aunt in Liverpool, in order that she might be kept out of the way until Harold should have left London and gone out to the West Indies, where he had relatives, and where he hoped to make a fortune.

"But, Harold dear," the girl whispered, "the thing is impossible. My uncle will be at the station waiting for me with the carriage. Do you think he would be likely to fall into our plans?"

"No, Alice; I have thought of that. If you have courage—and I know you have—and are very, very quick, we can escape and defy him. Now listen, and don't be afraid. Just before we get to Liverpool the train enters a tunnel, and inside the mouth of the tunnel we stop for a minute—a bare moment—to make sure that all is clear. I will have the door open, and I will take you in my arms and get out; it will be perfectly easy and safe; and Polly shall follow without one instant of delay. Then we hold our breaths, and stand in the darkness close up to the tunnel wall for only a moment, until the train rushes by; and then we get quietly out, take to the road, get a carriage at the nearest inn, and drive to any station on the line, where we can wait for the Scottish mail. Your uncle will only suppose that you have put off coming for a day; he will grumble and wait for to-morrow without doing or even suspecting any thing, and then it will be too late."

"If we are killed—"

"Dearest, do you think I would expose you to any danger?"

"No, Harold, it was not that. I was only going to say that if we are killed—I mean even if we are killed—we shall be killed together!"

Harold embraced his intrepid and desperate *fiancée*, and the plan was resolved on. A few whispered words conveyed the whole to stout-hearted Polly, who had a romantic heart, and would have gone with these lovers any where—leaped with them out of an express train flying at full speed rather than desert them. The moments went by; the tunnel was near; the two young barristers had long since been fast asleep in good reality; Harold softly opened the door, and stood close to it with Alice in his arms; the faithful Polly loaded herself with such of her mistress's cloaks and shawls and things as she could attempt to carry; the train began already to slacken its speed; they were at the mouth of the tunnel; Harold said, in a whisper, "*Now*, love!" And Alice shut her eyes, and pressed her face against his shoulder.

The train rattled and crashed through the echoing tunnel. The hollow, hideous reverberations aroused our sleeping barristers. Sargent started up, and rubbed his eyes.

"Hallo, Rossmore, this is the Edgehill Tunnel! We shall be in Liverpool in a moment. Shake yourself up, old boy!"

"All right," replied Rossmore, yawning. "Glad we're in. But I say, Sargent, look here—why—did we stop any where?"

"Of course not. Why do you ask?"

"Then where are our fellow-travelers?"

"Good Heavens! To be sure, where are they? I forgot all about them. But they were here—that's certain; and we stopped at no station, and now they are gone!"

"Confound it, I never knew any thing like that! That man, Harold, whoever he was, came in mysteriously, and now he has gone out even more mysteriously, and spirited away the two women along with him!"

"I say, Rossmore, how if your suggestion of this evening should have turned out a prediction? Have we had ghosts in our railway train?"

Both laughed—both were incredulous; and the train rushed into the crowded, bustling, blazing station at Liverpool. Our friends spoke to the guard of the train, who was much amazed at first to hear of the disappearance of the three passengers; but he seemed to think that, in the case of so audacious a lover as Harold Rivers, any thing was possible—and then, there *was* a momentary stoppage in the tunnel.

So the barristers made no further inquiries, but took it for granted that all was right somehow, and went to their hotel.

They heard the end of the story, however, even before they returned to London, for they met Harold Rivers and his young wife in Liverpool ten days after. The pair had just returned from Scotland, where they were married. They had, of course, written off at once to Alice's mother, announcing their marriage, and they were in good hope that she would soon accept the situation. They could afford to wait a little, for they were married and happy, and Harold had made up his mind that he would not go to the West Indies.

PATRIOTIC SONGS OF FRANCE.

THE lasting popularity of the "Marseillaise," now nearly eighty years old, becomes more remarkable when we consider that, although the first song of the Revolution, it was immediately followed by a host of republican effusions, which competed with it for public favor. There were the "Chant de la Victoire," the "Chant du Retour," and the "Chanson de Roland," by Méhul; the "Chant du Juillet," the "Chant Martial," the "Hymne à l'Etre Suprême," the "Hymne à la Liberté," and "Peuple, reveille-toi," by Gossee. All these, the fruits of a general ferment, have died away, and the only lyrical work that, besides the "Marseillaise," has continued to live in the memory of the French is the "Chant du Départ," by Méhul. This was recently sung at one of the Parisian theatres; but as it is a sort of cantata, with solos and choruses arranged for different voices, it can never become a popular song in the ordinary sense of the word.

One forgotten melody of the old Revolution was revived shortly before the affair of February, when the "Histoire des Girondins," by M. De Lamartine, was the book of the day. Girey-Dupré, a journalist attached to the Girondists, and condemned to share their fate, composed, a few hours before his execution, a hymn which long afterward responded to the state of feeling in 1847, and which, with a slight modification, became the "Chant des Girondins," better, perhaps, known as "Mourir pour la Patrie." M. Alexandre Dumas's "Chevalier de la Maison Rouge," then a new piece, terminated with the supper of the Girondists, at which this song was appropriately introduced.

The lays of the First Empire were generally of a warlike kind, or, to speak more correctly, the words were warlike, though often set to the most pacific music. Nothing, for instance, could be less martial than the air extracted from an opera by Grétry, which was made to fit "Veillons au salut de l'Empire." However, the First Empire was by no means badly represented in the world of song by the "Partant pour la Syrie," which, in the days of the Crimean war, became the most popular tune in England and France; and by the "Sentinelle" of Choron and the "Vaillant Troubadour" of Sauvan, both of which are to be found in the most common music-books.

The Restoration brought with it the revival of the two famed Bourbon melodies, "Vive Henri IV.," and "Charmante Gabrielle." A pacific air, by Grétry, was now made to do duty in honor of the restored régime; but this time the music was not diverted from its proper pur-

pose. The words to which it was fitted, "Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?" rather celebrated the blessings of peace than the triumph of a dynasty.

The revolution of 1830 had a song of its own, with which great names were connected, but which, after a short popularity, sank into utter oblivion. Casimir Delavigne, as the poet of the renowned "Messéniennes," was looked upon as the proper person to celebrate the deeds of July. As he had not even that uncultivated power of music which belonged to Rouget de Lisle, he fitted his words to a Hungarian air which he had retained in his memory, and which was duly noted down and scored by Auber. Thus arose the "Parisienne," and to its non-national origin is attributed the short duration of its popularity.

Of late the patriotic songs of France have been the irrepressible "Marseillaise" and the "Rhin Allemand," which M. Alfred de Musset produced during the consumption of a single cigar, and to which music has been set by MM. Félicien David and Vaucorbeil. A greater novelty, however, is "À la Frontière," with music by M. Gounod, sung at the Opera by M. Devoyod in the uniform of a Zouave.

THE IRON CROSS OF PRUSSIA.

THIS order, which holds the highest rank in Prussia, was instituted in March, 1813, by FREDERICK WILLIAM III., in honor of the memory of his deceased wife, Queen LOUISA. Just a year afterward, on the first anniversary of its institution, it was bestowed upon his son, Prince WILLIAM, now King of Prussia, in recognition of a daring action under fire; and he still wears its Iron Cross as the proudest decoration on his breast. On the 19th of July of this year, the anniversary of his mother's death, the King decided upon the renewal of the order, with special reference to the war then impending with France. "In view of the serious position of affairs in Germany" (so runs the decree), "and in grateful remembrance of the heroism of our forefathers in the great war of Liberation, I have resolved to revive, in its full significance, the Order of the Iron Cross, instituted by my revered father."

The new cross, of which we herewith give an engraving, differs from that of 1813–1815 only in the substitution of a W for F W, and in the date. The material is gold, with black enameling. The black ribbon with a white border indicates service in the field; the white ribbon with a black border, service at home. There are two classes, First and Second, and a large cross, which is to be bestowed for a decisive victory, or for the capture or the successful defense of an important fortress. The cross of the Second class was recently bestowed by the King upon the Crown Prince of Prussia for his victories over M'MAHON.

"PAPA WRANGEL."

POOR "Papa Wrangel!" It may be quite true that this whilom commander of the army of invasion, sent to bring the uproarious Berliners to reason in 1848 or 1849, expressed the grimmest intentions at that period, "when," as he declared in his proclamation, "he saw the grass grow in the streets of Berlin" in token of its sad revolutionary condition; it may also be true that he has played something of a comic popular figure ever since in Berlin, and has never yet got over the difference between the dative and accusative of the personal German pronoun; but one can not help sympathizing deeply with him now. He has outlived his time and age, and, dying though he be to do something in his capacity of field-marshal, Moltke seems to be able to dispense with his services. It is really touching to read how he reviewed the other day the regiment of which he is still the nominal chief as it passed Berlin on its way to the Rhine. "I make it known to this whole regiment," he said to the soldiers, "that I have prayed his Majesty the King, in deepest humility, to be permitted to join this war as a common private soldier, upon which request I have received from his Majesty's own hand a most gracious reply, from which I have learned with profound sadness that my respectful prayer had not been accepted." And the tears started to the old man's eyes. He then addressed to his actual successor some martial words, and handed him two prizes—for the first French gun and eagle. Finally he seized the regimental standard, and cried, "This sacred banner your fathers have saved at Etoges with their lives from the hands of the enemy, and have always chained victory to its colors; you, my boys, will not do otherwise!" He then embraced the commander, handed a photograph of the King, "for whom to fight, win, or die honorably was the most sacred duty," to the sergeant, and shook hands all round, nearly overcome with the grief of having to remain behind alone.

THE ENGLISH TEMPLE KNIGHTS.

WHEN Heraclius visited England in 1184 the Templars had removed from their old Preceptory in Holborn to their new buildings in Fleet Street, on the site of the present Inner Temple. The venerable archbishop consecrated their new church for them, as well as that belonging to the Hospital of the Knights of St. John at Clerkenwell. The church was dedicated to the blessed Virgin, and built after the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It still remains to remind us of the happiest period in the history of this famous brotherhood.

Around this consecrated building the order raised its new Preceptory, and here they lived for many years according to the strict rule laid down for them by St. Bernard. Before entering the fraternity, each member had to declare that he had already been a knight, that he was neither married nor betrothed, that he had never taken vows in any other order, that he was free from debt, and in sound health. On his admission by the Master of the Temple, each knight made use of the following formula before the assembled brotherhood: "Sir, I am come before God, and before you and the brethren, and pray and beseech you, for the sake of God and our dear Lady, to admit me into your society and the good deeds of the order, as one who will be all his life long the servant and slave of the order." After this declaration the Master admonished him as to the life of self-denial and hardship he would have to lead; upon which the candidate bound himself by the most solemn asseverations to be obedient to the head of the house and chief head at Jerusalem, to observe the customs of the order, to live in chastity, to help with all his powers to conquer the Holy Land, and vowed never to be present when a Christian was unjustly and unlawfully despoiled of his heritage. He was then admitted, and assured of "bread and water, and the poor clothing of the order, and labor and toil enow." The white mantle with the red cross was thrown over him; he received the kiss of peace from the master and the chaplain, and was furnished with the arms and equipments of the order. Such was the form of admission for each Knight Templar. Besides the knights, there were other classes attached to the order of an inferior degree; but, although inferior, many illustrious and great men were proud to enter them, and among them we find no less a personage than Pope Innocent III. For many years after their foundation in England the members of the order appear to have acted in conformity with the rigorous rules laid down for them; and certainly the punishment inflicted on those of their members who proved refractory was sufficiently severe. They were imprisoned in a small stone chamber built in the thickness of the wall that surrounded the chapel, only four and a half feet in length. Cooped up in this narrow cell, with hardly food sufficient to support bare existence, they were not denied the consolations of religion. An aperture was made in the wall, through which the unfortunate prisoner could hear the voices of the brotherhood below, as it chanted the daily service in the chapel. Besides the punishment of imprisonment, offenders were publicly scourged on the bare back by the master before the assembled brethren. One Knight Templar, by name Valaincourt, who, having deserted the order, had returned and sought readmission, was condemned to eat for a year on the ground with the dogs, to fast four days in the week on bread and water, and every Sunday to be scourged in the chapel.

Such was the rigorous discipline of the order at the commencement of its career; but prosperity proved a greater enemy to this fraternity than ever adversity had done. Soon after the final fall of Jerusalem, the wealth, influence, and power of the order increased, not only in England, but throughout Christendom. At their Preceptory in London, on the spot familiar to every citizen, kings and embassadors were feasted, parliaments and general councils were held. Besides the large gifts bestowed upon the order, vast treasures were committed to its custody, and it was considered the safest guardian of wealth and property; and not only was property held to be sacred within its precincts, but kings sought and found refuge within its walls. Here King John dwelt in those troublous times when the barons of England demanded and obtained the great charter of their freedom. Here Hubert de Burgh deposited his vast riches when imprisoned in the Tower, and the King in vain sought to seize them.

In Henry III.'s reign the Master of the Temple first sat in Parliament; but now, at the zenith of their power, they fell. Pride, the sure forerunner of such falls, and vice, the constant attendant on such pride, overshadowed with their baneful influence the bright prospects of this once noble brotherhood. As Spenser tells us, when alluding to the Temple, in the following lines:

"Those brick towers
The which on Thames broad aged banks doe ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilom wont the Temple Knights to bide,
Till they decay'd through pride."

The envy of princes is not easily overcome; at least it was not in old days. The potent monarchs that ruled over the countries of Christendom at the time we are speaking of saw with fear and dismay the increasing power of men who once called themselves "the poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ." They found themselves confronted with a power equal to, if not greater than, their own, and a power that seemed ever on the increase. They coveted the broad acres and vast wealth possessed by the order, and inwardly chafed at the immunities they were forced to concede to men who were not overscrupulous as to the use they made of them. The common people hated the order with a more bitter hatred, engendered by the scorn and contumely with which they were treated by the brotherhood generally, and increased by the vice and depravity of the knights—crimes that remained unpunished and uncondemned. The ground being thus undermined beneath them, it only required a small spark to light the train. But before the fatal day arrived, the Knights Templars, as if determined to end their career in glory, as they had begun it, gave one more proof of their heroic courage by their brilliant defense of Acre. The flickering flame burned bright and lurid for a moment, and then expired. A few years later, and they had ceased to exist. In 1312, Pope Clement V. and Philip le Bel of France, their two most inveterate enemies, combined together for the total destruction of the brotherhood.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

REPORTS from various quarters indicate that in many sections of the country the peach crop will be "almost a failure." Perhaps this may be true; yet it is difficult to realize it when at every street corner the luscious fruit is piled on stands, and the large markets seem overflowing with baskets and crates. To be sure the season is so much earlier than usual this year that our peaches may fail us this fall before we are aware; yet, as a great "hue and cry" is so often made as to the "total failure" of this or that crop, we recommend every body to luxuriate with untroubled mind in this delicious fruit, while it is so abundant and inexpensive. As one passes through the streets and markets of our city near the close of day, seeing loads of peaches yet unsold, he can not but wonder what becomes of what is left, since much of it is too ripe to keep long. Dealers lose great quantities when the market is overstocked, as it was earlier in the season. The pies, puddings, and fritters of our numerous restaurants consume a vast number of baskets, just ripe enough to use and too ripe to keep. But the canning of peaches, which, in connection with the canning of various other fruits, has become an immense business, preserves for our future use hundreds of baskets which would otherwise be wasted.

A Greek Church is soon to be built in New York, according to report. The Empress of Russia is interested in the enterprise, and has raised $5000 toward the erection of the edifice, which is to be of the Byzantine style of architecture. There is now no Greek Church in our country.

"Grip," the famous raven which belonged to Charles Dickens, is now the property of the London Stereoscopic Company, who have issued his *carte*. Thus, in a certain sense, all England may be said to be the possessor of this popular bird, since every body who desires may own his photograph.

Sullivan, Ohio, is the home of a young girl of thirteen, whose father, a thrifty farmer, is very proud of her achievements. For three years past she has of her own choice been engaged in regular farm work, in plowing, sowing, reaping, mowing, and harrowing, as well as in driving and managing horses. Last summer she raked about forty acres of hay, besides doing her share toward mowing, loading, and "pitching" it.

The Chinese method of cooking rice, as obtained from the Chinese colony of shoemakers at North Adams, is as follows: Take a stew-pan with a close-fitting top, and a clean piece of white muslin, large enough to cover over the top of the pan and hang down inside nearly to, but not in contact with the bottom. Into the sack so formed place the rice, pour over it two cupfuls of water, and put on the top of the stew-pan, so as to hold up the muslin bag inside, and fit tight all round. Place the pan on a slow fire, and the steam generated from the water will cook the rice. Each grain will come out of the boiler as dry and distinct as if just taken from the hull. More water may be poured into the pan if necessary, but only sufficient to keep up the steam till the rice is cooked.

A Siberian railway is a somewhat novel project, but certain Russian capitalists have undertaken to accomplish it. The proposed line is to be about twelve hundred miles in length, and much of it will be through desert regions which are covered with ice and snow during ten months of the year. It is to commence at Nijni Novgorod, the great market for goods from Northern Asia, Persia, and Turkestan. The value of the goods brought to this market has, during the last ten years, averaged 105,000,000 rubles per annum; last year it was 114,000,000 rubles. Another important station on the railway will be the town of Irbit, at the junction of the Rivers Niza and Irbita. It is believed that this railway will increase the corn supply of Western Europe, by opening communication with Southern Siberia, whose corn may compete with the best qualities.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, writing from Martha's Vineyard, describes the present abiding-place of the Hutchinson family as "a picturesque little tent, gleaming white and pure in its green frame-work, finished artistically with a scarlet bordering." There live John Hutchinson and his wife, showing, as ever, a quaint and dignified simplicity of demeanor. Their tent is a great place of resort, and a pleasant party is always gathered on the veranda.

One must retreat very far from the city nowadays in order to be able to live economically as regards eatables. It surprises a novice to learn the high prices demanded for fruit, meat, milk, and similar commodities in the very section of country where they are produced; and not unfrequently it is impossible to procure them at any price, "the city" having absorbed every thing. Not long ago a New York gentleman, who was rusticating in Massachusetts, was overheard reasoning with a sturdy son of the soil who asked fifty cents a pound for a pair of young—*very young*—chickens, that ran largely to legs. "Why, my friend," said the New Yorker, in persuasive accents, "I am willing to pay just what is charged in Fulton Market, but don't you see that when we come to your door to buy your produce you ought not to charge more than the retail price in New York?" "That sounds well," quoth the farmer; "but we gets all we can, an' if you don't want them young hins at fifty cents a pound other folks do." There was no help for it, and the New Yorker paid the farmer his price, and sent the "young hins" in to the cook.

The country people about Strasbourg say that among the Prussian scouts are a great many persons whom they formerly knew well in different attire as residents for longer or shorter periods in Alsace. Several of the Prussian officers are also old acquaintances. One was a pupil in the École d'Application at Metz, another a civil engineer, a third learning the business of a forester—all convenient occupations for studying the topography of the district.

Six young women of Charlestown—so the story runs—lately challenged six Boston girls to a swimming race for the prize of $100. The challenged party accepted, but did not appear on the ground at the appointed time. So the Charlestownians resolved to get up a race among themselves. They started off in fine style; but before they reached the turning stake four gave out, and paddled, exhausted, to the shore. One of the others suddenly threw up her hands, exclaiming that she was sinking, and begging help. Her companion succeeded in keeping her above water until aid arrived. Swimming is a useful and desirable accomplishment for ladies; but such public displays of doubtful strength and skill seem to be neither pleasant nor in good taste.

Bismarck seems to be very friendly to American journalists, according to an account of an interview with him given by a correspondent of the *World*, writing from St. Avold. He says:

"While I was looking at the king there passed by me a great giant of a man, several inches over six feet in height, and powerfully built. I knew it was Bismarck. He turned, just before entering the door, and scanned the street. Among all the uniforms were two black streaks; they were represented by myself and an American journalist in whose company I happened to be. Seeing us, the Chancellor—he was in simple dark blue uniform trimmed and faced with gold—held up his finger to stop us just as, after taking a good look at him, we were moving off. We approached him, and he met us half-way. 'Where are you from?' he asked. I said, 'We are Americans, and are writing for the press in that country.' He then said: 'You are welcome. We are very glad to have American writers among us, and with our army. The only thing that the authorities and officers will expect from you will be proper papers of legitimation. You have these? Very well; then the freedom of every thing will be accorded to you. The only thing we can not promise you is transportation forward. You see we are very much crowded with a vast army in an enemy's country. You will have, gentlemen, to depend upon yourselves for moving forward; but for every thing else, for all the help and protection you require, you have only to come to us here.'"

Boston is shocked by the recent announcement that there is a Mormon Church in that city. However, the society is small, there being only sixteen members, and, moreover, they are not Mormons after Brigham Young's style.. The society calls itself the "Reorganized Church of the Latter Day Saints."

A new epidemic among horses, cattle, and pigs has been creating a sensation in the western part of Canada. The disease is described as first making its appearance in a number of small blotches or gatherings of the front feet at the joint, thence creeping upward, infecting the flesh and the bone and swelling the leg to an unnatural size. Behind the knees the skin cracks horizontally, the part soon begins to bleed, inflame, and emit putrid matter. If neglected, the swelling extends to the breast. Sometimes this breaks out in monstrous boils or ulcers, setting free an enormous amount of putrescent, mephitic substance. In other cases the disease strikes into the vitals and kills the animal. Milder cases have occurred, in which the disease abates of its own accord, and passes away without serious effects.

Scene in a Boston tenement house. Enter United States "Census man." A woman is bending over a wash-tub, rubbing vigorously. She is evidently of Celtic origin, and the census-taker remarks: "I am taking the United States census. I'll thank you for the names, age, occupation, and birth-place of all your family. What is your husband's name, madam?" Without looking up, and giving an extra pull on a shirt, she answers, "Misther O'Sullivan." "What is the first name, if you please?" Another extra pull, as she says, "And shure how does I know? I wasn't at his christnin'." "Very good!" responds the "Census man," blandly. "When you speak to him how do you address him?" Another tug at the shirt. "Shure, as Misther O'Sullivan; and fags, if I knew his christen name, I wouldn't thrate him so dishrespectfully as to call him by it." "Did you ever hear any one call him by a Christian name?" "Aw, yis!" "Well, what have you heard him called?" Another fearful pull at the washing, and out comes this answer, "I have heard some of them call him John, some Pather, and more call him Michael." For five minutes the patient inquirer continues asking questions and she dodging the answers. Finally, she straightens up, wipes the suds with her hands off her arms, and says, "Yees is the plisintest gintleman I iver saw. Shure I've been thrying to git ye mad the last five minutes, and the more madder I was gitting the more plisinter you was growing, and I'll tell yees any thing ye want to know." So she enumerates her whole family, and then calls out, at the bottom of the stairs, "Misthress Muldoony! Come down here. Here's a gintleman taking the United States cinsis. He wants to know the names of all your family. Jist give it to him, and thin show him to the rist of the folks trough the building."

For ten years past a dog in Cincinnati has lived a hermit life. His cell is under an old house, and he is never seen outside it in the daytime. There he is perfectly quiet, and never barks. At night he steals out from his retreat and takes a ramble, apparently in search of food. He seeks no companions, and why he has thus retired from the world is a mystery.

An exchange asserts that it is useless to assassinate flies, for, unless you annihilate them, they come to life again. In proof of this it remarks that Franklin found some dead flies drowned in a bottle of wine that had been corked up for many years, and when he exposed them to the sunshine they soon flew about as lively as ever!

A GROUP OF PRUSSIAN UHLANS.

THE UHLANS.

THE Uhlans, who have been lately seen within twenty-five miles of Paris, are light cavalry, armed with breech-loading carbines and lances, who are much employed by the Prussian commanders as scouts. They push far into the enemy's country, and are of immense service in procuring intelligence of movements in progress, the position of the enemy, and in keeping up a state of terror and uncertainty throughout the country. It will be remembered that, during the late war in the South, our cavalry were often similarly employed in "raiding" within the enemy's lines with the same general purpose and results.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 605.]

PEASANTS FLYING.

ONE of the saddest features of the war is the desolation that marks its progress through a land. The carnage of the battle-field is not its worst evil. Wherever it sweeps it leaves the record of its devastating tread in ruined highways, desolated fields and farm-houses, and silent hamlets. The illustration on this page, which represents a party of French peasantry flying to some place of refuge before the approach of the enemy, is but one out of a thousand incidents that show how heavily the woes and burdens of the war have fallen upon the peaceful homes of France.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

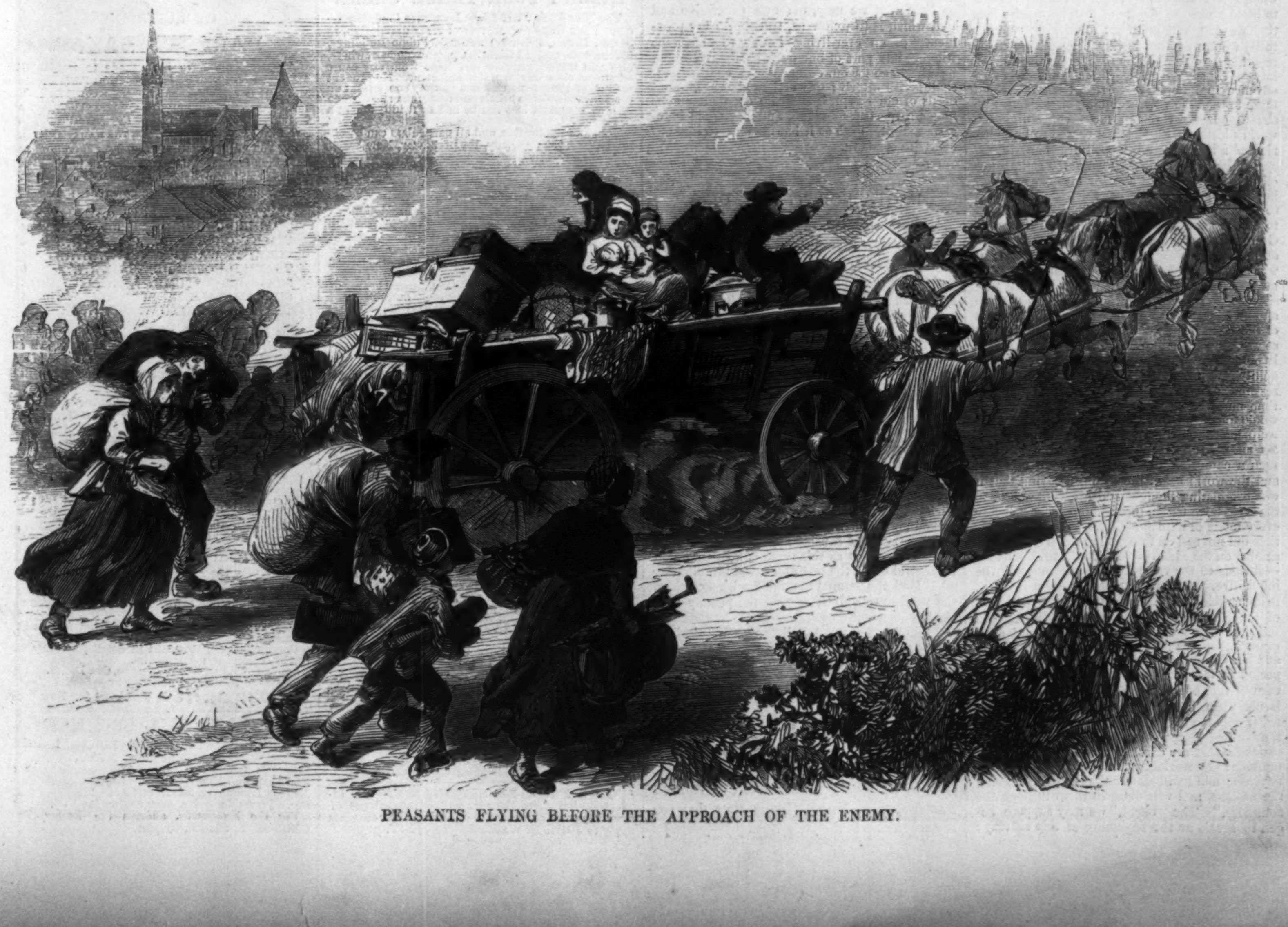
THE fortifications about the French capital, of which we give an accurate plan on page 604, are of that peculiar denomination known to military engineers as a "continuous *enceinte*," and a "surrounding girdle of exterior forts." The inner line, as may be seen by the plan, consists of a series of bastions, presenting nearly a hundred angular fronts. It entirely surrounds the city, and is said to be the longest continuous line of bastions in the world, being twenty-two miles in circuit. In front of these bastions is a continued fosse, or moat, eighteen feet deep and twenty wide, which can be filled with water from the Seine, if required for the defense of the city. Around the whole circuit runs a magnificent military road, to facilitate the concentration of artillery or infantry with the least possible loss of time at any given point; and from the *enceinte* to the several exterior forts, as also between the forts, are likewise these same excellent roads. Outside the *enceinte*, detached from it, and situated at the distance of from a mile and a quarter to two miles from the *enceinte*, and the same distance from each other, are the forts forming the outer girdle. The cheapest of these forts cost $700,000, exclusive of the purchase-money for the site. Fort Mont Valerièn cost about $1,000,000, and Fort De Charenton $800,000. Until the present war broke out there was not a gun mounted upon the ramparts, nor was the *enceinte* complete. Under the vigorous administration of General TROCHU the armament has been fully completed, and the entire inner works put in a state of preparation to repulse the enemy. According to the latest reports nearly two thousand guns have been placed in position on the bastions. About one hundred gates pierce the ramparts, the fosse being crossed by draw-bridges which can be removed at a moment's notice, or, if necessary, destroyed by the cannon on the walls.

The object of this method of fortification—that of an *enceinte* and detached forts beyond—is to have not only two lines of defense, but two such lines as would furnish a powerful fortress all around the city, and at the same time debar an enemy from getting near enough to that fortress to shell the city. The forts prevent the erection of a siege line against the city, and in case an assault were made between the forts to take the city by storm, the *enceinte*, with its ninety-four bastions, is there to protect it. An army surrounding Paris within cannon range of the girdle of forts would not occupy less than ten leagues. Thirteen years ago the best engineers pronounced the fortifications of Paris impregnable, and since 1857 millions upon millions have been lavished in bringing these works to the highest possible point of efficiency.

The black line within

TWO MOTHERS.

FRANCE (*to the* EMPRESS). "AH, MADAME, A SURE HAPPINESS FOR *YOU*, SOONER OR LATER; BUT THERE WERE DEAR SONS OF *MINE* WHOM I SHALL NEVER SEE AGAIN."



PEASANTS FLYING BEFORE THE APPROACH OF THE ENEMY.

the circuit of bastions, shown in our plan, indicates the position of the old walls of Paris, which have long since given place to magnificent boulevards. The space between the old boundaries of the city and the new walls is now closely built up; but the most important public edifices are within the limits of old Paris, where they would be comparatively safe from the effects of a distant bombardment.

A CHECKERED LIFE.

STEFAN TURR, the emissary of Bismarck and Napoleon, seems to have led rather a checkered life. He is the son of a shoemaker, and was born in Baja, in Hungary, in 1822. In 1846 he was "assented" into the Austrian army, advanced after some time to a corporalship, and in 1848 sent with the Imperial Regiment of Infantry, Archduke Francis Charles, to Italy. He had been proposed for a lieutenantship, when, with some of the men, he deserted over the bridge near Buffalo to the Sardinians. There he was made colonel of the newly formed deserters' legion, the so-called Caprians. When, after the battle of Novara, Austria particularly insisted on having Turr given up, he escaped into Switzerland, whence he went to Baden, and there joined Miewslawski. He now reappeared as lieutenant-colonel, and Miewslawski promoted him to a colonelcy. After the ill-fated affair in the Bergstrasse he returned to Switzerland with one hundred and three men, whom he despatched to America, himself remaining behind. He was next sent to Constantinople, and during the Crimean war obtained British naturalization, and went as British agent to Bucharest. There, on neutral ground, he was arrested by the Austrians as a deserter, sent home and brought before a court-martial at Karlsburg, in Transylvania. Almost on the eve of being led out to execution the judge declared to him that Queen Victoria had interfered on his behalf, as a naturalized British subject, and that the Emperor had in consequence commuted his sentence to eternal banishment from the Austrian states. In 1859 he joined Garibaldi, became commander of the Chasseurs, received a wound, and was promoted to a generalship. Since 1861 he has sojourned chiefly in Paris, being now one of the most intimate friends of Prince Napoleon; and in September, 1861, married Adelina Wyse-Bonaparte, second daughter of Princess Letitia Bonaparte, sister of Pierre Napoleon, and nominal daughter of the English Consul Wyse, but born in 1842, long after Wyse's legal separation from his wife. The first legitimate daughter of Wyse is the wife of Ratazzi, the Princess Solms.

OLD EYGPT.

GREAT and splendid as are the things which we know about oldest Egypt, she is made a thousand times more sublime by our uncertainty as to the limits of her accomplishments. She presents not a great definite idea, which, though hard to receive, is, when once acquired, comprehensible and clear. Under the soil of the modern country are hid away thousands and thousands of relics which may astonish the world for ages to come, and change continually its conception of what Egypt was. The effect of research seems to be to prove the objects of it to be much older than we thought them to be; some things thought to be wholly modern having been proved to be repetitions of things Egyptian, and other things known to have been Egyptian being by every advance in knowledge carried back more and more toward the very beginning of things. She shakes our most rooted ideas concerning the world's history. She has not ceased to be a puzzle and a lure: there is a spell over her still.

Besides her early maturity and the solitariness of her career, there is another mystery concerning Egypt; and that is the thick darkness that so long shut her out from sight. We are wont to call those ages dark wherein the wisdom of Greece and of Rome became dim to the world at large, and was treasured by the few; but what was this darkness in comparison of the utter obscurity which settled with a weird persistence over Egypt herself, over all her wisdom and all her works? As year by year the deposit of the river was entombing her material works, so was the cloud of oblivion enveloping and surely obliterating the memory of her glory and her ability; and this in spite of the most determined resistance that any nation has ever offered to time and his effacing power. The monuments would not, could not perish forever; but they were ineffectual to avert an eclipse that lasted for ages. It is little less than a miracle that such a country could quietly sink out of sight, and the world begin life again, fancying that it was originating thought and art, while close to the tyros lay a nation that had proved ages before every mode of human ability, and whose credentials did not rest on tradition or history, but were shining on the earth—splendid, gigantic, palpable—obvious to the regard of the aspiring and the inquisitive. As one ponders on these things it is impossible to be regardless of the denunciation of the Hebrew prophet (Ezekiel) who foretold this obscurity. "The pomp of her strength shall cease in her: as for her, *a cloud shall cover her*, and her daughters shall go into captivity." The period of forty years during which no foot of man or foot of beast was to pass through Egypt is not plain, but the condition to which Egypt fell is only too distinctly painted. "I will make the land of Egypt desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities among the cities that are laid waste shall be desolate forty years: and I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them through the countries." The "cloud," we may suppose, began to break at the beginning of this century; from without came the regard of nations, from within arose reanimation and the desire to be known once more. The nations of the world resort thither again, and find this kingdom truly "a base kingdom," but things looked as though she had resolved to acquiesce no longer in her baseness. Already one sees how the highway from Egypt to Assyria, foretold by the prophet Isaiah, may be accomplished. The canal of the Isthmus will undoubtedly lead to the contraction of the desert, so that the way into Assyria will be comparatively easy. And when life and vigor and civilization shall return, what great result may be expected to accompany them! To a nation waking up to consciousness after centuries of coma every thing about her present self must be unsatisfactory and distasteful—a condition to be reformed as soon as possible, and banished from sight and memory. Her consolatory thoughts all centre in the past. As she looks back with pride and glory at what she was, the hope of what she may again be is lively within her, and she can feel a trust in herself. Her reviving ambition will feed upon the mighty deeds of old, and her sons will gain strength from the knowledge of the glorious dead. When this spirit shall come upon Egypt—when, instead of leaving research to the stranger that may come from a far land, Egyptians themselves shall make it a pleasant labor to ascertain the wonderful past of their native country—then, perhaps, the world will truly understand what *the wisdom of the Egyptians* was.

For him who believes that his puny efforts are tending to the establishment of a golden age, and leading the human race to perfection, there can be no corrective more effectual than the study of ancient Egypt. From thence he may learn the truth that human wisdom and human knowledge can not perpetuate themselves. Great, strong, wise as she was, the glory of Egypt came to naught, her science perished, her engraved characters became riddles. Progress was arrested, and thick darkness overspread the earth—not for a short interval, but during a very large fraction of the world's existence—darkness which has never yet been dispersed. It is true that, if we can not build pyramids or hew out colossal statues, or divert the course of a river like the Nile, we can use the printing-press, and control the forces of electricity and steam. But, when we have summed up gains and losses, what is the amount of advancement since the days of Moses that we can fairly credit ourselves with? Truly it is very little, and that little due to a *renaissance* in the last two or three centuries.

But if we, creatures whose life is half an age, may not influence the destinies of the world on which we live, or of our remote successors, that consideration need not damp our spirits; it does not show us that our labor for the benefit of humanity is in vain. We may design and build, though we may not attempt a tower whose top shall reach to heaven. Plenty of legitimate work is given us to do; we are commissioned to subdue the earth, but we are not commissioned to determine its future. That future will be as little affected, probably, by our acts and labors as our present has been by the wisdom and works of the Egyptians. A great nation—a community of great nations—may die like a mighty man, and then all their thoughts perish. The earth is not ours. Nevertheless we have a field for labor—greater labor than we shall ever accomplish. Let us benefit, if we may, our own generation and that which is to follow us, trusting to the providence of an ever-living Power to determine whether any part of our work shall survive and be a heritage for our descendants; or whether it shall perish utterly; or whether, like the glorious deeds of old Egypt, it shall lie for millenniums under a mysterious cloud, and live again hereafter to a race such as it has not entered into our hearts to conceive.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

"MY Wheeler & Wilson Machine has been in use nearly eleven years without any repairs. Five and a half years ago I set a No. 1½ needle, which has not been changed since. The machine has been used by as many as seven or eight different persons during that time, and has made dresses, shirts, boys' jackets and pants, tucked and hemmed cotton cloth, linen, Nansook and Swiss muslin, without either tucker or hemmer."—Mrs. H. HART, Adrian, Mich.

A FEW nights ago a lady of our acquaintance, while sewing, upset a lighted lamp filled with PRATT'S "Astral Oil," breaking the lamp and precipitating the contents, together with the wick, which was still burning, into her lap. She picked up the wick and extinguished it, without igniting the oil or causing any damage whatever. After such a test as this there is no doubt that the Astral Oil is the best and safest illuminating oil. Had the lamp been filled with kerosene, she would probably have paid the penalty with her life.

The oil is for sale by all responsible dealers, and at wholesale and retail by the Oil House of CHAS. PRATT, 108 Fulton St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

A HISTORY of Watch-Making, illustrated with fine engravings, and containing very valuable and useful information to all watch wearers and watch buyers, will be sent to any one, postpaid, by addressing HOWARD & Co., No. 785 Broadway, New York. (Please state that you saw this notice in *Harper's Weekly*.)—[*Com.*]

STAFFORD'S IRON AND SULPHUR POWDERS.

NOTHING builds up and strengthens the system like iron; nothing purifies the blood like Sulphur. STAFFORD'S IRON AND SULPHUR POWDERS cure every blood disease the human flesh is heir to. Pimples, boils, or scrofulous sores disappear instantly; female weakness and irregularities corrected; dyspepsia, sick headache, etc., cured without fail. Cures in all cases guaranteed, or money returned. Sold by all druggists, and by HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, 218 Greenwich St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, & Tan,
Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists. Depot, 49 Bond St., New York.

$16 00 for $5 00.

The Phrenological Journal is a First-Class Family Magazine, devoted to Phrenology, Ethnology, Physiology, Education, and Literature. S. R. WELLS, Editor.

TERMS—$3 00 a year; single numbers, 30 cents. To all who subscribe at once, sending 20 cents extra for mailing, one of PRANG'S celebrated Chromos, "The Doctor," published at $5 00, will be sent free.

The Christian Union is a First-Class Weekly Religious and Family Newspaper, edited by HENRY WARD BEECHER, and published at $3 00 a year.

The "PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL," $3 00 a year; "THE CHRISTIAN UNION," $3 00 a year; "The Doctor," $5 00, and "Marshall's Household Engraving of Washington," never sold for less than $5 00, will all be sent to new subscribers for $5 00. If the pictures are to be sent by mail, 20 cents extra must be sent for mailing; to secure all, the amount must be sent at once to S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

N.B.—Either of Harper's, with the Journal, a year for $5 50, or with all the above for $7 50. S. R. W.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

Fourteen Numbers, differing in flexibility and fineness, adapted to every style of writing.

Their Superiority acknowledged by all Penmen.

For sale by all first-class Stationers.

☞ Sample Card, artistically arranged and securely inclosed, sent by mail upon receipt of Twenty-five Cents.

Send for Circulars. Address

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & CO.,
138 & 140 Grand St., New York.

INSURE YOUR PLATE GLASS.

The New York Plate Glass Insurance Company insures Plate Glass and Mirrors of every description, in Stores, Hotels, Private Dwellings, Public Buildings, Steamboats, Stained Glass in Churches and elsewhere, also "in transit," against breakage from any cause whatever, either accidental or malicious. No prudent man should incur the risk and anxiety consequent on the destruction of so brittle and costly an article, when insurance against loss can be had so readily and at a cost so small.

Forms of application and all particulars can be obtained from the Company, 194 Broadway, New York.

BLEES'
Noiseless,
Link-Motion,
Lock-Stitch
SEWING MACHINE
Challenges the world in perfection of work, strength and beauty of stitch, durability of construction, and rapidity of motion.
Call and examine; and, for agencies and circulars, apply at
623 BROADWAY,
New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

The subscriber is now prepared to offer such inducements to persons of either sex who will canvass for the sale of books by subscription as will make it more lucrative than almost any occupation now open to intelligent, energetic, and persevering effort. The works he is now selling through Agents are of the highest order of merit. Ministers, students, teachers, and every one may feel that they are spreading truth while engaged in their circulation. Let all who are desirous of such employment apply soon, as territory s bieing rapidly taken. For particulars, address
AVERY BILL,
Care of HARPER & BROTHERS,
331 Pearl St., New York.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.
Cheapest and Best Portable Presses.
MEN AND BOYS MAKING MONEY.
Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16; Press and Offices, $15, $20, $30. Send for circular to LOWE PRESS CO., 15 Spring Lane, Boston, Mass.

MICROSCOPES from 50c. to $500.
Prepared Objects in every department of science. Illustrated Catalogues *gratis*. JAMES W. QUEEN & Co., 924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; 5 Dey St., New York.

TROY FEMALE SEMINARY.—This Institution offers the accumulated advantages of over fifty years of successful operation. For circulars apply to JOHN H. WILLARD, Troy, N. Y.

"EXCELSIOR!"

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
RURAL, LITERARY, FAMILY, AND BUSINESS WEEKLY,
FOR BOTH TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THIS FAMOUS WEEKLY, adapted to City, Suburb, Village, and Country, is not only the **Largest, Best, and Cheapest,** but by far the **Largest-Circulating Journal of its Class in the World.**

IT IS INDISPENSABLE
to every cultivator of a Garden or occupant of a Suburban Place or Farm, while "all the rest of mankind" will find it **Interesting and Valuable.**

ITS ILLUSTRATIONS
are numerous and beautiful, and embrace various Practical, Scientific, Miscellaneous, and Timely Topics.

TERMS—**$3** a Year, or **$1 50** per Volume of twenty-six Numbers. ☞ The 13 Numbers of next Quarter (Oct. to Jan.) sent, on Trial, for ONLY FIFTY CENTS. Single Numbers, Eight Cents. Sold by all Newsdealers. Address

D. D. T. MOORE, 41 Park Row, N. Y.

MANUFACTURED BY THE PROPRIETORS,
F. E. SUIRE & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
N. W. Cor. FOURTH & VINE STS.,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
DEPOT, 18 DEY ST., NEW YORK.

Cut Paper Patterns
OF SUITS IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

Arrangements have been made to furnish CUT PAPER PATTERNS of the beautiful Paris Costumes which it is intended shall appear frequently in Harper's Bazar. These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, from 30 to 46 inches *Bust Measure*, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced.

The following patterns are now ready:

WATTEAU STREET SUIT	No. 22
TRAINED CARRIAGE SUIT	" 24
WALKING SUIT	" 26
COUNTRY WALKING SUIT	" 28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS	" 30
SEA-SIDE COSTUME	" 32
SUMMER WALKING SUIT	" 34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS	" 38

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS and BUST MEASURE. *The same Patterns cost sixty cents in gold in Paris.* The whole set of Nine Sizes will be sent for $2 00.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THE BEST WAR MAP!
Schedler's Large Topographical
Map of the Seat of War.
With Plans of the Fortresses of Paris, Metz, and Strasbourg.

Printed in 3 colors: mountains *brown*; rivers *blue*; the names of cities, towns and villages, railroads and roads, &c., *black*.
Size, 22 x 28 inches; folded in pocket form, 5 x 7½ inches.
Comprehensive, abundant in details, accurate, distinctly legible, and ornamental.
Sent postpaid on receipt of price, One Dollar. Large Discount to Dealers. Published by
E. STEIGER, 22 & 24 Frankfort St., New York.

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARY,
A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,
Re-opens September 14th. The best features of European and Home schools. Especial attention to Modern Languages, Music, and Art. Lewis' Gymnastics. Terms, inclusive, from $500 to $800.
For the Prospectus, address the Rector, REV. GEORGE T. RIDER, by post.

To the Ladies of the United States.

Call for the WRIGHT MANUFACTURING CO.'S
ALPACA BRAIDS
in the following Celebrated Brands, and *use no other.*
Stearns' Gold Band—warranted full 6 yards.
Stearns' XX— "
Stearns' XXX—in Nos. 29, 49, 53, 65, 69, 73, 81, and 85.
The Finest and Best ever Made in this Country.
Wright Mfg. Co.'s Best Crown Alpaca—6 yards.
" " " Oriental Alpaca— "
" " " Popular Nos. 29,49,53,69,73,81,and 85.
" " " Mixed and Fancy Plaid Braids.
For Sale by all Dealers who keep the *Best Quality.*
A. W. STEARNS, Treasurer,
Lawrence, Mass.

A. T. STEWART & CO.

have
LARGELY REPLENISHED
their
Popular Stock of Dress Goods
WITH NOVELTIES IN
POPLINS,
HENRIETTA CLOTHS,
SATINS DE CHINE,
MERINOS,
ELEGANT PLAID POPLINS,
IN NEW COLORINGS, only 50c. per yard,
which they will with pleasure exhibit to their customers.

Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th and 10th Sts.

SOMETHING GRAND.

The Annual Shakespearian Almanac for 1871 is now out. Three Million copies of this Almanac will be given away, and in order that the distribution may be made as rapidly as possible, I should deem it a favor to send, prepaid, ten or fifteen copies to any person who will judiciously distribute them in his locality. One of its main features is the Parley or Courtship between Richard the Third and Queen Anne. This portrays, as nothing else can, man's villainy and woman's weakness. The illustrations fairly talk. Address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN,
21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

WEDLOCK; OR, THE RIGHT RELATIONS OF THE SEXES—Disclosing the Laws of Conjugal Selection, and showing Who May and Who May Not Marry. A Scientific Treatise. $1 50; fancy gilt, $2 00. Sent by mail, postpaid, by
S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

TEXAN LIEBIG'S TRADE MARK EXTRACT OF MEAT

The only genuine domestic Extract. Better and cheaper than all others. A. GLANZ, Sole Agent,
194 William St., N. Y.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen-books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

A GREAT OFFER!!

HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Chickering & Sons, at *Extremely Low Prices, for Cash,* during this month, or will take from $5 to $25 monthly until paid. Instruments to hire.

$25 A DAY! 40 new articles for Agents. Samples sent *free.* H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

Two Novels of American Society.

I.

My Daughter Elinor.

8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 75.

II.

Miss Van Kortland.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"MY DAUGHTER ELINOR."
8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

From "Miss Van Kortland" we rose, as a year ago from "My Daughter Elinor," with the feeling of having had a great deal for our money. Whoever the author of these volumes is, we can but echo the hope of a young lady who finished her first book just on the edge of a long summer day, straining her eyes in the dark to read the last words: "Well, I'd like to shut her up with a pen and paper, and keep her writing all the time." There are bubbles of wit that remind you of Dickens; there are situations, both tragic and comic, which move you now to laughter and then to tears; there are bits of eloquent description that keep your attention captive; and, above all, there is fearless while womanly denunciation of some popular sins.—*Independent.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

The celebrated IMITATION-GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, "Collins Metal" (Improved Oroide).—These justly-celebrated Watches have been so thoroughly tested during the last four years, and their reputation for time and as imitations of Gold Watches is so well established as to require no recommendations. Prices:—Full-Jeweled Patent Levers, $15, equal in appearance and for time to gold ones costing $150. Those of extra fine finish, $20, equal to $200 gold ones. We are also making an extra heavy and extra fine watch, full-jeweled patent lever, equaling in appearance a $250 gold watch. For these magnificent watches we charge only $25. All our watches fully guaranteed by special certificate. All our watches are in hunting cases, gents' and ladies' sizes. Chains, Collins Metal, $2 to $8. Also, all kinds of Jewelry, equal to gold, at one-tenth the price.

The Collins Metal is the best imitation of gold we have seen.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The goods of C. E. Collins & Co. have invariably given satisfaction.—*N. Y. Times.*

One of the $20 Watches is worn in our office, and we have no hesitation in recommending them.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

TO CLUBS.—Where Six watches are ordered at one time, we send a Seventh watch free. Goods sent by express to all parts of the United States, to be paid for on delivery.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., No. 335 Broadway, cor. Worth St. (up stairs), **New York.**

HARPER & BROTHERS'

SPECIAL TRADE SALE, 1870.

FROM AUGUST 22 TO SEPT. 30.

FRANKLIN SQUARE,
NEW YORK, *August,* 1870.

We invite the attention of Booksellers to our Special List of Books, which we will sell on the following terms, for Cash, from the 22d of August to the 30th of September, after which our terms will positively be as heretofore.

On Orders of $ 100 at one time,	25	per cent.	discount;
" $ 500 "	30	"	"
" $1000 "	33⅓	"	"
" $2000 "	35	"	"

And an additional deduction of Five per cent. for Cash.

We shall not sell at any of the Trade Sales this Fall.

The *Special List* will be furnished to Booksellers on application to the Publishers.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

LIVE SONGS FOR LIVE PEOPLE.

EACH SONG HAS A PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT. PRICE FIVE CENTS EACH. The whole twenty will be mailed to any address upon receipt of One Dollar.

Please order by the Numbers.

No. 159. Good-by, John.
177. Jog Along, Boys.
196. Laugh While You Can.
160. Go It While You're Young.
150. I'll Ask My Mother.
209. I Saw Esau Kissing Kate.
89. Nothing Else to Do.
84. Bell goes Ringing for Sarah.
194. The Cruiskeen Lawn.
132. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.
106. Never Mind the Rest.
87. Paddle Your Own Canoe.
29. Up in a Balloon.
39. The Flying Trapeze.
61. The Lancashire Lass.
74. Little Maggie May.
9. Champagne Charlie.
5. Not for Joseph.
1. Captain Jinks.
108. Tommy Dodd.

Address **BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK,**
Publisher of HALF-DIME MUSIC,
24 Beekman St., New York.

Jos. Gillott

STEEL PENS.

American Branch of House,
91 JOHN ST., New York.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

Fishing in American Waters.

Opening of the Season for Angling and Fish-Farming. To the angler or the fish-culturist Scott's book on "Fishing in American Waters" will prove a real *vade-mecum* in every thing about angling and breeding fishes.

Sent throughout the United States, postpaid, for $3 50. HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

ESTB. **ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS'** 1809.

SAPOLIO,
For General
Household purposes
IS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN SOAP.

VINEGAR.—HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, Molasses, or Sorghum, in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

ROGERS'

GROUPS OF STATUARY.

Taking the Oath.

These groups, suitable for wedding presents or ornament, will be delivered, with all express charges prepaid, at any point east of the Mississippi, on receipt of the price, viz., from $10 to $25. Send for illustrated Catalogue and Price-List, to JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Ave., New York.

$60 A WEEK paid Agents in a new business. Address SACO NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE

FOR FAMILY USE—*simple, cheap, reliable.* Knits Every thing. AGENTS WANTED. Circular and sample stocking FREE. Address HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO., Bath, Me., or 176 Broadway, N. Y.

NEW BOOKS OF THE SEASON,

PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by Mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

CHARLES DICKENS: The Story of his Life. By the Author of "The Life of Thackeray." Portraits taken at various times, and Views of his Residences. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

DICKENS'S SPEECHES, LETTERS, and SAYINGS. Speeches, Letters, and Sayings of Charles Dickens. To which is added a Sketch of the Author by George Augustus Sala, and Dean Stanley's Sermon. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

☞ *The two above works, bound in One Volume,* 8vo, *Cloth,* $1 75.

THE GENIAL SHOWMAN. Being Reminiscences of the Life of Artemus Ward, and Pictures of a Showman's Career in the Western World. By EDWARD P. HINGSTON. Two Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

THE UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE AND TARIFF LAW (passed July 13, 1870), together with the Act imposing Taxes on Distilled Spirits and Tobacco, and for other purposes (approved July 20, 1868), and such other Acts or Parts of Acts relating to Internal Revenue as are now in effect; with Tables of Taxes, a copious Analytical Index, and full Sectional Notes. Compiled by HORACE E. DRESSER. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

ROBERTSON'S LIFE, LETTERS, &c. Life, Letters, Lectures on Corinthians, and Addresses of Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847–1853. With Portrait on Steel. Complete in One Volume. 840 pages, large 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

ROBERTSON'S SERMONS. Sermons preached at Brighton by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, the Incumbent of Trinity Chapel. New Edition. With Portrait on Steel. Complete in One Volume. 838 pages, large 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

THE ROB ROY ON THE JORDAN, Nile, Red Sea, and Gennesareth, &c. A Canoe Cruise in Palestine and Egypt, and the Waters of Damascus. By J. MACGREGOR, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

FREE RUSSIA. By W. HEPWORTH DIXON, Author of "Her Majesty's Tower," &c. With Two Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

THE HISTORY OF HORTENSE, Daughter of Josephine, Queen of Holland, Mother of Napoleon III. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, Author of "The French Revolution," "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," &c. With Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, $1 20. *Uniform with Abbotts' Illustrated Histories.*

THE BAZAR BOOK OF DECORUM. The Care of the Person, Manners, Etiquette, and Ceremonials. 16mo, Toned Paper, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $1 00.

THE LIFE OF COUNT BISMARCK, Private and Political. With Descriptive Notices of his Ancestry. By Dr. GEORGE HESEKIEL. Translated and Edited, with an Introduction, Explanatory Notes, and Appendices, by KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, F.S.A., F.A.S.L. With upward of 100 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

FRESH NOVELS,

PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ETON. By an Etonian. With Illustrations by Sydney P. Hall. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

VERONICA. By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Mabel's Progress," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE NEW TIMOTHY. By WM. M. BAKER, Author of "Inside: a Chronicle of Secession," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

TRUE TO HERSELF. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "Stern Necessity," "Poor Humanity," "Mattie: a Stray," "Christie's Faith," "Carry's Confession," "No Man's Friend," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

JOHN: A Love Story. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "Agnes," "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Minister's Wife," "Life of Edward Irving," "Brownlows," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

MAN AND WIFE. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "Armadale," "Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

MISS THACKERAY'S WRITINGS, COMPLETE. The Writings of Anne Isabella Thackeray. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 75.

KILMENY. By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "In Silk Attire," "Love or Marriage?" &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

STERN NECESSITY. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "Poor Humanity," "Mattie: a Stray," "For Her Sake," "Carry's Confession," "No Man's Friend," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

MICROSCOPES. {Illustrated Price-List sent free on application. T. H. McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

$240 per month to Agents. 15 entirely new articles, staple as flour. Samples and instructions free. C. M. LININGTON, 88 S. Halsted St., Chicago.

W. D. WILSON & CO., 327 Pearl St., N. Y., furnish Printing Ink for *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar.*

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

THE PERIODICALS WHICH THE HARPERS PUBLISH ARE ALMOST IDEALLY WELL EDITED.—The Nation, N. Y.

The young lady who buys a single number of HARPER'S BAZAR is made a subscriber for life.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Harper's Bazar,

A REPOSITORY OF
FASHION, PLEASURE, AND INSTRUCTION.

HARPER'S BAZAR has gained a success the most rapid and wonderful ever known in the annals of journalism, and is recognized as the best and most attractive family paper ever issued. As an illustrated chronicler of Fashion it is without a rival in this country. By a special arrangement, involving great expense, with the publishers of the Berlin *Bazar*—the leading journal of fashion in Europe—its fashion-plates are published in New York simultaneously with their appearance in Berlin and Paris.

A large portion of the BAZAR is every week devoted to instructive and entertaining reading-matter—Stories, Poems, Biographical Sketches, and Gossip. The Editorial articles are always spicy, and cover every topic of social interest. No effort and no expense will be spared to permanently secure for this journal the victory which it has won so rapidly, and which it so well deserves.

Cut paper Patterns of the beautiful Paris Costumes in HARPER'S BAZAR, outside the regular Supplement, graded to fit any figure from 30 to 46 inches bust measure, with the names and directions for putting together printed on each separate piece of the pattern, will be sent by the Publishers prepaid by mail on receipt of Twenty-five Cents and bust measure. The same patterns cost sixty cents in gold in Paris. Dressmakers supplied with the entire set of nine sizes at $2 00. Newsdealers supplied at the usual discount. In ordering, please specify the number of Bazar containing suit and send bust measure.

In the BAZAR for April 16 was commenced "*The Cryptogram,*" a serial story of thrilling interest, by the Author of "Cord and Creese," "The Dodge Club," &c., profusely illustrated.

Published Weekly, with profuse Illustrations.

"A complete Pictorial History of the Times."

Harper's Weekly,

HARPER'S WEEKLY is an illustrated record of, and a commentary upon all the important events of the time. Due attention is also given to topics of especial and local interest. The best artists in the country are constantly engaged in the department of Illustration, and the Publishers are also largely indebted to photographers in all the large cities of America, Europe, and the East for prompt and valuable contributions.

As a Literary Journal, HARPER'S WEEKLY is recognized as the only illustrated newspaper which has ever succeeded in establishing and maintaining a claim to pre-eminence.

The Editorial matter of HARPER'S WEEKLY constitutes one of its most prominent features; it includes weekly articles upon National Politics, Finance, Commerce, and Miscellaneous topics.

Published Weekly, with profuse Illustrations.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Best Monthly Periodical, not in this country alone, but in the English language.—*The Press,* Phila.

Harper's Magazine.

The *Forty-first Volume* of the Magazine closes with the November No. Its success hitherto—unrivaled by that of any other monthly periodical in Europe or America—has been due to the popular character and variety of its contents; to the enterprise of its Publishers in securing for its pages, at any cost, the best literary contributions of English and American writers; to its profusely-illustrated articles of Travel and Exploration; to the promptness, authenticity, and popular treatment of its papers upon scientific subjects, upon the mechanical improvements of the age, and upon current topics; and to the variety and interest of its special Editorial Departments—to which recently a new one has been added, viz., the Monthly Scientific Record. The elements upon which the past success of the Magazine has depended will still continue to be its leading characteristics; and its Publishers are confident that with increased attention to the wants of the reading public they will be able to enhance even its present popularity.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from fifty to one hundred per cent. more matter than any similar periodical issued in the English language. Thus the ample space at the disposal of its Editors will enable them to treat fully of all the topics embraced in their plan.

Published Monthly, with profuse Illustrations.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year......$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year......4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year......4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the old and new one must be given. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $250; Half Page, $125; Quarter Page, $70—each insertion; or, for a less space, $1 50 per Line, each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.